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Dr A H Strickler
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"Is the Truth in Jesus."

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Poetry.

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTH-DAY.

Born unto God in Christ—in Christ, my all!
What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply,
rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which we call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, our Father!
The heir of heaven, henceforth I dread not death:
In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life. Let sea, and earth, and sky,
Wage war against me; on my front I show
Thy mighty Maker's seal! In vain they try
To end my life, who can but end its woe.
Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes! but not his: 'tis death itself that dies!

—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

BAD THEOLOGY FOR CHILDREN.

In the "International Lesson" explanations of the *Sunday School World* for January, 1880, we find on the texts Matt. ii. 15, 17, 23, this commentary:

"We do not understand the Evangelist to say that the prophets meant these events as the primary fulfillment of their words—the thing directly contemplated. The Evangelist meant, we think, what we sometimes express, 'so was illustrated,' 'so was exemplified,' 'so was made good,' where we only class events under some common and related principle or striking word. How natural in v. 17 to say 'and then, once again, God's child was sheltered in, and brought out of, Egypt!' So it was natural, in view of the bereaved mothers of Bethlehem, to recall the poetical picture of Rachel (whose tomb was at Ephrath, another name of Bethlehem, Gen 48: 7), bewailing her children going into captivity, as reproduced in the mothers who saw their infant sons murdered. The reference to 'Nazareth' in v. 23 is less clear, and seems to have some reference to the Hebrew word 'sprout,' in Isa. 11: 1 (*netser*, from which the town is said to have taken its name; it was surrounded by shrubs), which, according to Jerome, learned Hebrews connected with the Messiah. With us a 'play upon words' is commonly playful; but it was not so in Bible lands. Such things were then deeply serious, as in Gen. 27: 36."

The gloss of course is not new. It is one of the commonplaces of our modern rationalistic exegesis. But it is startling to meet it in a course of international instruction, claiming to make all in all of evangelical Biblical culture for our children, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union.

It confronts us at once with the most important of all questions regarding the life of religion, whether with young or old. Are the sacred Scriptures inspired, in any sense that makes them to be truly the Word of God, and not the word of man only speaking under divine superintendence in behalf of God? The comment before us, without distinctly meaning it, commits itself to a negative answer; and for children especially, that answer can hardly fail to act as a secret gnawing worm at the root of their tender faith.

For, looking now only at the first of these texts, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son," what child brought up to reverence the Bible

as God's Word, had ever doubted in childhood that it signified just what it really says, namely, a real fulfillment of "what was spoken of the Lord by the prophet;" and this in primary, and no merely secondary sense? And what child, believing in that way, has not felt some sensible shock afterwards, when, with opening youth, he has been met with such a correction of this imagination as we have in the case now before us? It is easy to say that the second judgment here is more enlightened than the first, and that the youthful mind has made progress really in Biblical knowledge. But in truth it is a case rather which goes solemnly to verify what our Lord says of things hidden from the wise and revealed unto babes. The belief of childhood here, as in so much else belonging to the mystical side of God's revelation, is deeper and every way better than the unbelief of manhood.

It is rash to say that the evangelist did not mean to affirm here a real fulfillment of prophecy, as "the thing directly contemplated" by the prophecy itself. Beyond all question just the reverse of this is the truth. St. Matthew, speaking by the Holy Ghost, does most certainly mean that the taking of the child Jesus into Egypt and his return, was divinely ordered to meet the primary sense of Hosea's prophecy. And this being so, it is just as certain that the prophet Hosea (xi. 1), speaking also by the Holy Ghost, uttered the prophecy which was here fulfilled with primary regard, on the part of the Holy Ghost, to this very fulfillment—all other regards being secondary only and incidental. This is so plain, that to have any doubt of it, is of itself, to stultify the whole idea of any real inspiration belonging either to the prophet or the evangelist. And that in the case can mean nothing less than a turning of the entire evangelical history here into a mere naturalistic myth.

It does so, just because it makes the outside natural letter of God's Word, in what is here said of Egypt, to be a bare, empty shell, having in it no supernatural interior sense, pervading it all the time as the soul fills the living body. That indeed does give us only an unmeaning natural circumstance; but for this very reason, what it gives us is not God's Word; for God's Word is never empty shell or inanimate corpse, but always body having in it spirit and life.

And no one can study the Bible carefully, without seeing that in some way this very figure or parable of Egypt carries with it, in fact, an immense spiritual or supernatural significance for the universal mystery of Christ and His kingdom. It is no outward accident for it merely anywhere. It has to do unquestionably with its inmost sense and inspiration. Only see how it meets us in the history of the Old Testament patriarchs; in the Psalms; and in whole chapters of the prophets. Is this all outward circumstance only? Has it nothing to do with the testimony of Jesus which is declared to be the vital breath or inspiration of prophecy? Alas, for any such thought. Blot out the mystical sense of Egypt from the Old Testament and you blot out at one stroke full half of its Messianic theology, and lame its witness for Christ beyond all remedy or help.

No; Hosea is right, and Matthew is right, in regard to this oracle, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son;" our little children are right in their first feeling of its mystical import; and our Sunday-schools are all wrong when they set themselves to the task of rationalizing out of the text that, which is in truth the very life of heaven in it, and without which it is indeed dead and worth nothing.

Here in conclusion is another extract from the same number of the *Sunday School World*, which may be taken as a somewhat apt caution in regard to this whole subject of Bible study; although it does not mean all that might be wished in the direction of the present article.

"Enthusiasm in the study of the Scripture is well. How far is it the study of the letter, of the words, the history, the geography, the true rendering of the text only? These are very needful, they must be done; but are they not the means to the more important end? The scribes of old were very enthusiastic and careful students of the Scripture; for this they were not condemned nor reproved; yet the rendering which Jesus gave to the law in His remarkable Sermon on the Mount presented the spirit of the

truth in such a different light that many scribes accused Him of destroying the law altogether. Perhaps, if the teachers of the future should ever come so completely under the enlightening power of the Spirit as to have the things of Christ more clearly shown to them, they may be regarded as bringing to light some new gospel, when in fact they have only come to know a trifle of the spiritual significance of the same old gospel, which we and our fathers may have been studying in its letter for the last two thousand years. Will that time come in the next seven years?"

J. W. N.

For The Messenger.

JOSEPH COOK'S MONDAY LECTURES.

They are still going on, and so far as we can see, they may continue to go on indefinitely. Our interest in them has long since begun to weaken and flag. They bring forward very little new after the first course. It has become very evident that he has nothing original to present as a system of thought. He is indeed apt and forcible in coupling and compiling. He has used, with liberal hand especially, the best results of German thought. He has a vivid imagination and generally rests his argument on a striking simile. But one grows tired of this method when continually repeated. His dramatic attitude in summoning characters before him and questioning them, begins to grow insipid. There is too much of it. A considerable portion of his last lecture consists in picturing a reef of solid land, such as that on which New York is built, and insisting over and over again, that he is planted on an immovable foundation notwithstanding that the deep waters lash it on either side. Then we grow weary of his oracular paragraphs numbered on almost indefinitely, as though each was so profound that it must stand as a thesis by itself. One or two good thoughts ought to be enough to float a lecture. We have for some one idea which, in its simplicity, might rather thoughtfully abound in some organic relation. But here we have proposition after proposition going on until we reach the *thirtieth*, and we wonder why they did not stop at the *twenty-ninth*, or go on to the *thirty-first*. We see no reason why they should stop just at the *thirtieth*, and we wonder most of all, if they are so strong and far-reaching as he claims for each one, why three or four, or at most a half dozen, would not be better than thirty. It seems to show a spreading and thinning out of thought without much depth. So the external form of these lectures strikes us. The language is so intense that one is tempted to think this is designed to compensate for the lack of intensity in thought. We feel Mr. Cook has long since emptied himself of his leading thoughts, and that he is now repeating himself by marshalling out the old soldiers in new lines. His courses of lectures do not stand in a system, and we, therefore, can see no verging towards a final end. They may go on indefinitely. This worries the mind. We would like to see his Apology for Christianity round itself off into some systematic outline, and we are disappointed.

He has certainly done a good work in showing that the supernatural truths of Christianity do not contradict the latest and best researches of science, nor the deepest intuitions of reason. So far the argument certainly has been valid. But we see no progress in solving the great problem of the relation and harmony between reason and revelation in any positive way. This is, after all, only a negative work, to show that revelation does not contradict science. So far we are in the plane of the natural, and argument here may rest on the conclusions of the natural reason.

But when Mr. Cook goes on to take hold of the positive truths of supernatural revelation and attempt to make them rational, that is, to authenticate them at the bar of the natural understanding, we think he only makes light darkness. The incarnation and the person of Christ, the new birth and the atonement, for instance, he brings forward, and attempts to make them clear to reason. And one gets the impression that he imagines he is making them clearer by bringing them into the light of the natural understanding. It is just at this point we feel ourselves repelled rather than attracted, and we feel that he has undertaken too much. The intelligence of Boston cannot add light to the

Word of God. The thought is profane. The greatest apologists in all the ages, the greatest theologians from Augustine to Thomas Aquinas, from St. Thomas to the present, all unite in saying that the ineffable things of purely supernatural revelation must be apprehended by faith. There are postulates of natural theology that may lie in the sphere of natural reason, but the greatest fathers of the Church in all ages have always distinguished between these and matters of pure revelation. Would we then have a dualism between reason and faith? Must the things of faith forever stand by themselves, and the things of reason by themselves, with no possibility of their ever coming together? No, we do not think that is the solution of the question. But the way they are to come together cannot be by bringing the light of reason to illuminate the things of revelation. The process must be the other way. The light of revelation must illumine up not only the supernatural, but it must shine down, or out, into the realm of the natural also.

This means that the reconciliation between the two orders for human thought must come from the higher, not from the lower. There is a difficulty here we know, because those who do not accept revelation by faith cannot be reached in this way, simply because they will allow no umpire but reason, and therefore we must meet them on their own ground. But unbelief cannot be conquered in that way, and when such concession is made, viz., that supernatural truth should be demonstrated by natural reason before it is accepted, the whole interest falls into the hands of rationalism. The only help must come, we repeat, from the revelation in the Word of God itself. But there is room here for progress in solving the problem. Just as new and deeper views of the spiritual revelation in the Word of God are opened up through the faith of the Church, in that degree will difficulties raised by reason and science be overcome, and made to disappear for all who honestly receive the light. Just now it needs to be especially understood that the Bible does not deal directly or primarily, nor at all, in its revelation, with the natural, but the supernatural. As the supernatural comes to be seen and received in its own light, the meaning of the natural will become plain, not before. Natural reason and natural science cannot go before with its light to effect this reconciliation. Hence we do not believe that Mr. Cook can succeed in proving the supernatural truths of revelation in the light of reason, and with the Bible closed. Our space prevents dwelling further on this point now. We will try to return to it at another time. T. G. A.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Shepherdstown, Va.

It so happened that it devolved on us to preach at Shepherdstown on the Sunday before Christmas. According to our custom we preached on the mission of Christianity, without which the Gospel in our hearts can be of no effect. As we were to have good audiences, we proposed to the pastor, Rev. J. C. Bowman, that the penny collections at the two services should be devoted to the relief of our missionaries. Such impromptu collections sometimes turn out as well as if they had been announced several weeks in advance. The pastor, however, demurred, and informed us that he had made arrangements to devote all the collections during the Epiphany Sundays in January to the immediate relief of the missionary Board. This we regarded as decidedly better than our own proposition, and we here refer to it simply as a good example for the encouragement of other churches. In many cases it would perhaps be better to remember the missionary in this way, than by a single collection on a certain day. Pastors and consistories will be the best judges in regard to the method, provided the object is not overlooked or ruled out. The chief thing is, that our people should have an opportunity and be encouraged to give something according to the direction of their Synods. The understanding is, as we believe, that no congregation is to be excluded from taking part in this good work. Our congregation at Shepherdstown is not large, neither is it among the wealthy; still it supports its

pastor and does its share in general benevolence. It was one of the first which a long time ago awoke out of the slumber of formalism and sought to make a higher advance in the Christian life. The good seed then sown still remains, and the pastor rejoices in a prosperous and united flock. The well ordered Sunday school is in keeping with the good condition of the congregation.

Missions in the Pittsburgh Synod.

We have just received the minutes of the Synod of Pittsburgh. We there read in the report of the treasurer of the Tri-Synodic Board, that the Synod had contributed to missions last year only \$822. Comparing this with what the other Synod did for the same object, we were persuaded that there must be a mistake somewhere. We then turned to the report of the treasurer of the Pittsburgh Synod, and learned that he paid out \$1857 to missionaries, nearly all of which are under the care of the Board. The discrepancy is easily explained. The general treasurer at Harrisburg is allowed to report only such monies, or vouchers for money paid by other treasurers, as pass through his hands. It so happened last year, that no less than \$1000 was not reported to him, and, therefore, it could not appear in his report, although it appears in the Synodical report. Then, again, the general treasurer reports that the income last year was considerably less than the year before; but the \$1,000, not reported to him, be added what he received, the difference between two years will be to that extent reduced, as to be readily accounted for by the fact that the treasurer's report did not cover more than eleven months of the year. As a matter of justice to the Pittsburgh Synod, which contributes more to missions than either of the other Synods, in proportion to its membership; and that too without imagining that it does more than its share, or as much as it may or can do for the future. If the treasurers of the Classe would report promptly all the names they receive to the general treasurer, or to him through the Synodical treasurers, we should then have more accurate reports of what is done for missions in the churches from year to year. It is right that we should have credit for what we do, even if that is not what we might do. We happen to know that last year by the Classe treasurers, which were not reported to the other treasurers above, and, of course, do not appear in the final result.

Missions in Kansas.

One missionary, the Rev. Joseph G. Shoemaker, reports that he and his family arrived safely at Emporia, Kansas, some time ago, and that he is now fairly engaged in his work. He found a considerable number of members of the Church in that city and vicinity, some of whom had connected themselves with other churches, for the want of an organization of their own, whilst others were waiting until a minister of their denomination should come and look after their spiritual interests. After some pastoral work in gathering together those who had strayed into other folds and those who were going back to the world, he effected an organization with thirty-one members, which, under the circumstances, might be considered a good beginning. The first difficulty, which the missionary had to encounter, was encountered in securing a convenient place in which to worship on Sunday. At length an unsuitable hall was obtained, which could be used for that purpose only on alternate Sundays. The court-house was then secured for a single Sabbath, but the mission was notified after the close of the first service, that further than this it was not available. This was cold comfort to the brethren, who had begun to hope that they were making a fair start in their good work. What were they to do in these circumstances? A happy thought inspired them with hope. They resolved themselves into a committee of the whole, and besieged the sheriff, much as the widow did the unjust judge, and, like her, gained their suit. They were permitted to hold divine services for the present once a day in the court-house, but that not in the evening, under the promise that special care should be taken that the property suffer no harm. For the present then,—for the winter we hope—the mission has a place in which to meet every Sabbath. They, however, need a church although they would be very thankful if they could have only a small and modest chapel for their use for a time at least. The members are willing to give according to their means, which are however limited, and they will need some assistance, which, we believe, they will receive from their old friends in the east, and others who have fine churches and good preaching, and ought to have a fellow-feeling for those who have not been enjoying these advantages, in their new homes in the far west. The beginning at Emporia is an humble one, just as many other beginnings are in the kingdom of God here on earth, but it is one that is full of promise. The pastor says: "I am fully persuaded that if we can succeed in getting up a suitable and inviting chapel our interest here will soon be on a solid footing."

Family Reading.

REAPING.

Every one is sowing, both by word and deed;
All mankind are growing, either wheat or weed;
Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort of seed.

Serious ones are seeking seed already sown;
Many eyes are weeping now the crop is growing;
Think upon the reaping—each one reaps his seed.

Surely as the sowing shall the harvest be—
See what you are throwing over hill or lea,
Words and deeds are growing for eternity.

There is One all knowing, looking on alway,
Fruit to Him is flowing, feeling for the day—
Will your heart be glowing, in the grand array?

Ye that would be bringing sheaves of golden grain,
Mind what you are flinging, both from hand and brain,
Then mid glad songs singing, you shall glean great gain.
—*Littell's Living Age.*

THE OLD MAN'S PRAYER.

"Oh mother!" said an old man of eighty as he turned wearily upon his dying bed after long hours of unconsciousness. "Oh mother, what a good thing it is to have a good hope through grace!" And so, his face radiant with the "good hope," old Thomas B. passed away, ending his long and weary pilgrimage with a smile of unutterable peace as he entered at last the haven so long desired.

Sixty-five years before, any one standing near the doors of our county infirmary might have seen, one wintry morning, a lad of fifteen carefully lifted from a cart, that had brought him twelve or fourteen miles of terrible jolting for a poor fellow with a compound fracture of the thigh. Brightly and thoughtlessly had Tom started off that morning to his daily work at the cloth mill. It is true he had to get up very early in the dark mornings to tramp through the lanes to the mill. But what did that matter for that? He was young, and full of life and spirits. Almost all the boys knew did the same thing, and many of them were his daily companions. Noise enough they made! and many a mischievous trick they played; for boys then were very much like what they are now. Tom whistled and shouted, and ran and leaped as merrily as any of them that morning; little thinking how long it would be before he would walk that way again, or that that very night he should sleep far away from the home he had never left before, and the dear mother who was all the world to him, though he often worried her by his careless boyish ways.

The great factory bell was ringing as Tom entered the yard, and speedily he ran up to the workshop with half a dozen of his young companions, and the busy day's work began.

If you have never seen the interior of one of our cloth mills, I think you would feel almost bewildered by the noise and the movement all around, and wonder, as I have done, how the boys and girls who seem so giddy and thoughtless out of doors can learn the care, quickness, and precision necessary to the good performance of their work. Some of their tasks are easy enough; but others require intelligence, skill, and experience; and to all, at first, the whirling wheels, and the clang and clash of machinery is almost terrific and utterly incomprehensible. Sixty years ago perhaps the workshops were less crowded, and the machines few and simple compared with those of to-day.

Tom certainly thought he knew all about it, and would have laughed if any one had warned him to take care. How it was no one ever knew, that, close to the very spot where he had worked safely for many a month, before he had been at his place two hours on that morning his leg became entangled in a strap that passed over a drum near the ceiling of the workshop. A shriek of terror, a wild pang of fear and pain, and an instantaneous flash of certainty that if it drew him to the top, there was no room for his body to pass between the drum and the roof! Yes, and even in that instant a sudden revelation to the heart of that unthinking boy that he had sinned, that he was all unprepared for death, and the cry from his inmost soul, "O God, spare my life." And at the same moment the strap slipped from the drum in a most unexpected way, and just as all in the room shudderingly expected to see his young life hopelessly crushed out, he was violently thrown to the ground; saved from death, but fainting and terror-struck, with a badly fractured thigh. Poor Tom! they were all fond of him; for the lad had a merry heart, and a kind and pleasant temper. Very tenderly did rough hands raise him, and lay him on a couch of sacks of wool until the master could be consulted. He must be sent to the hospital at G—, there was no doubt; for the home was very poor, and his mother herself an invalid. Some tears rolled down the boy's face, as he heard them talk of all this and settle it without consulting

him. The master sent him a cup of tea from his breakfast table; a kindness he always remembered, telling his children in after years of the real silver spoon in the saucer!

He was in terrible pain now, and longing for his mother. Nothing could have added to his misery so much as to know he was to be sent away to an hospital, a place about which he had a vague horror, as having something to do with all sorts of dreadful accidents. But he was in no condition to oppose or question anything. His mother came and wept over him; he was lifted into a cart, and then came the long ride. It was all like a dream to him, for the overpowering pain made him very faint. The doctors came, with grave, kind faces, set the broken bone, and bandaged his leg to a splint; he was laid in a bed in a long room where many others were lying, and very soon, worn out with pain and fatigue, he fell asleep. When he woke the short day was over, and many of the sufferers slept peacefully in the dimly-lighted room. Tom woke with a start, wondering where he was and what had happened, and then all the events of that strange day came back to his remembrance.

In the next bed an old man lay; and as the lad moaned, a kindly question told Tom there was one near who felt for him; and it soothed his heart. The old man was restless and feeble, and the night seemed very long to them both. But by and by the stillness was broken, and the boy's attention attracted by the old man's voice—at first in low and broken sentences, and then in a continuous outpouring. Tom listened and wondered. To whom was he talking? and what was it about? It seemed as if some one he loved was very near, and it was certain that as he went on he gathered comfort, help, and courage. Very soon Tom knew that this was prayer to God, the like of which he had never heard before. He had gone to church many a time, and had learned the Lord's prayer at school; but this was something quite new and strange to him. His father and mother never prayed at home. He thought it was something for Sundays, and for church; but this old man was speaking pleadingly and confidently as to a dear and mighty Friend who cared for him! It thrilled the boy's heart, weary and suffering as he was; for the conviction sprang up "this is what I want," as he listened to happy thanksgivings for pardon and peace, and heard the old man softly whisper, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me," adding, "Yes, dear Lord, I know Thou wilt be with me."

Tom shuddered as he thought how near he had been to that dark unknown valley of death, and felt that he knew nothing of this happy confidence. By and by the voice ceased, and the old man slept. The morning broke at last; and poor Tom felt sick at heart as he looked at the opposite row of beds, and felt how stiff and full of pain he was, and thought how long he should have to lie there. The doctors were very kind, and so was the nurse; but a weary time lay before him, and much pain and discomfort had to be endured. Often his pillow was wet with tears, though he tried hard to conceal them; and his mother would hardly have known her light-haired mischievous boy had she seen him lying there. The old man from the first took a kindly interest in him, and they became fast friends. His prayers in the night were soon quite familiar sounds to Tom: but he never listened to them with indifference. They were so real, so simple and heart-felt, that they took a strong hold of the lad, especially when he heard his own name brought in.

All through his long life he never forgot the solemnized feeling that came to him in those long nights of pain, when he heard the feeble voice of his old friend pleading with God that he might be saved, and led through his pain and trouble to the Divine Friend who loved him and died for him. When he was able to sit up, and to get about the room with crutches, the old man rejoiced with him; and when at last he was pronounced cured, and had permission to go home, the parting was quite a trial to both. "My boy," said the old man, "I shall never go out till they carry me to my grave. My time is almost come to go home, but it'll be to my heavenly home. Now, mind you seek the Lord; don't forget 'twas He as saved your life, and you're bound to give it to Him."

Thomas B. went home. Henceforth he was a more thoughtful lad, more quiet and steady in his ways, and increasingly a comfort to his mother. The good seed had been sown in good ground, and silently it grew. First the blade, then the ear, and by and by the full corn in the ear were seen. The services of God's house became deeply interesting to him, and he was always in his place, not only at the hours of public worship on the Lord's day, but at smaller social meetings. His pastor thought him very

hopeful, and Christian friends watched him with interest and prayer. Gradually the hope grew up in his heart that he was a child of God: and when on one Sunday his aged pastor, preaching from the text, "Children, have ye any meat?" glowed into fervent enthusiasm as he spoke of the Lord Jesus as being alone able and willing to supply the deep hunger of the soul, Thomas felt that his whole heart responded to the testimony, and came away filled with a peace he could no longer keep to himself. And it was well that his lips were unsealed by irrepressible happiness in time for the first work God gave him to do.

His mother had been for years suffering increasingly with what proved to be a white swelling in her knee, and she too had to be sent for some weeks to the county infirmary. When she returned it was with the terrible certainty that she must lose her leg. Her heart was overwhelmed, and in her anguish of mind she could only turn to her boy, always good and kind to her. Day after day she counted the weary hours until he came home from his work; and night after night he knelt by her bedside and prayed for her, opening up for her the treasures of God's word, and fortifying her heart for the dreaded day. Her leg was removed, and she lived for nearly twelve months after the operation. The efforts of her Christian son were crowned with blessing. Other friends came to see her with kindly sympathy and help; but it was to him she owed under God those new thoughts of self and sin, of Jesus and of holiness, that led her first to deep sorrow of heart, and then to humble and peaceful trust. She died in faith, having a good hope that her sins were forgiven for His name's sake in whom she had learned to rejoice.

Thomas married, and for a time life was bright and pleasant. He helped in the sacred music on Sunday, and came home with beaming face to tell his aged father-in-law, who lived with them, all about the sermons and the hymns; storing his retentive memory during those years with food for the long winter of age that was to come. But as the years went on, troubles came thick and fast. Sorely were his faith and patience tried; yet, when he told the story of his trial-times, it was always to magnify the wonderful goodness of God in bringing him and those he loved through, and delivering them from them. At one time work was so short, and times were so bad, that he could often only buy half a loaf in the morning, run in and put it on the table for the children and be off again to look for work, without tasting a morsel himself. Once the whole family was laid low with small-pox of the most malignant kind. All their neighbors were afraid to go near them, and Thomas dared not, and could not if he would, go to work; but how he delighted to tell—"There was a hole in the window, miss, and every morning something was put in through that hole! I used to go and look for it regular after a bit, to see what it was. Sometimes it would be three-pence, sometimes sixpence, and once it was five shillings, but always something as long as ever our need lasted."

I think Thomas felt a kind of awe when he told this story, as if he more than half believed that the money came straight from heaven. His poverty was great, and his family not only very numerous but singularly afflicted; but his cheery trust was unshaken, and he kept up his wife's spirits by his own. When she was filled with cares and fears, he used to say—

"Are not the sparrows daily fed by Thee?
And wilt Thou clothe the lilies and not me?
Begone, distrust! I shall have clothes and bread,
While lilies bloom, and little birds are fed."

Thomas always had the verse of a hymn or some quaint couplet for every emergency; and when in the last fifteen years of his life he became subject to epileptic fits, and his wife and daughter were terrified to let him go out alone, he used to say cheerily to them—

"Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

Looked at from the outside, the last years of his life were sorrowful indeed. An afflicted son kept his bed for many years, a helpless idiot; two other members of his family were frequently ill for months at a time; yet when I have gone into the house where three were ill in bed, and the poor old father only recovering from one fit to fall into another, the Christian wife and mother has said to me with tearful smiles, "Oh, I'm sure no one has such cause to be thankful to God as we have;" and this always seemed to be the echo of the old man's happy spirit.

And so at last the summons came. I have told you how he met it. This is no fancy sketch, but the simple record of a real life—a life clouded by poverty, suffering and privation to its close; and yet brightened, dignified, aye glorified by Christian faith and hope. As a shock of corn fully ripe was this tried old saint gathered to his fathers. The precious corn had been ripened by a scorching sun, through many a weary

day; but angel reapers shall carry it with rejoicing to the presence of the King.

And what shall be the joyful wonder, in that day, of him who, long years before, had, in his own night of weeping, sown in feebleness and pain the precious seed, that sprang up and yielded fruit when he was almost forgotten. He did not even know he was sowing seed. He was far too old and too ignorant, he would have said, to work for the Master he loved, as he lay upon his dying bed in that hospital ward. He only showed unconsciously that there was One who was his all sufficient, ever-present Friend, real to him as tender mother to a sick child; and the trembling light he held up by the suffering boy at his side fell upon that gracious One—

"The healing of whose seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain!"

whom, when once He is seen indeed, they who have caught His glance must follow, as the disciples of old knew.

May God give us grace so to shine for Him that thus we too may win souls for Christ.—*British Messenger.*

IMPORTUNITY.

He standeth knocking at the door:
"Oh Lord! how long? how long?
Weeping, Thy patience I adore,
And yet the bars are strong:
Lord, draw them for me, for my hand is weak,
The night is chill. Enter Thou till the streak
Of ruddy morning flush the day's young cheek!"

He standeth knocking, knocking still:
"Sweet, pleading voice, I hear."
The mist is rolling from the hill,
The fourth slow watch is near:
Through the small lattice I beheld His face,
In the cold starlight, full of pitying grace,
Yet—how to guest Him in so mean a place?

He standeth knocking, knocking loud!
Yes! for the timbers creak:
Eastward there low's an angry cloud;
"Sweet Saviour, hear me speak;
Oh, bide not thus to feel the drenching rain!
I bid thee welcome: but in grief and pain
Tell Thee, my strength against these bars is vain."

He standeth knocking, knocking oft,
The day of grace wears on,
The chiding Spirit whispers soft,
"Perchance He may be gone
While thou still lingerest." "Not the bars alone
Keep Thee out, Lord; against the door is thrown
Sand-bags of care and boarded gains and stone."

He standeth knocking, knocking faint;
"Blest Saviour, leave me not;
But let me tell Thee my complaint,
The misery of my lot.
And let me sweep the floor Thy feet must press,
Deck myself royally for Thy cares,
Make myself worthy, ere Thou stoop to bless!"

He standeth knocking, knocking still;
"Lord help me in my doubt,
Must I put forth this feeble will
To draw Thee from without?
Then help my weakness." Hear each stern bar
give,
The door flies backward: He but whispers,
"Live!"
While on His patient breast I, weeping, plead
"Forgive!"
—*Good Words.*

THE TONGUE.

"There are but ten precepts of the law of God," says Leighton, "and two of them, so far as concerns the outward organ and vent of sins there forbidden, are bestowed on the tongue (one in the first table, and the other in the second), as though it were ready to fly out both against God and man, if not thus bridled."

Pythagoras used to say that a "wound from the tongue is worse than a wound from the sword; for the latter affects only the body, the former the spirit—the soul."

It was a remark of Anacharsis that "the tongue was at the same time the best part of a man and his worst; that with good government none is more useful, and without it none is more mischievous."

"Boerhave," says Dr. Johnson, "was never soured by calumny and detraction, nor ever thought it necessary to confute them. For," said he, "they are sparks, which, if you don't blow them, will go out of themselves."

"We cannot," says Cato, "control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them."

"Slander," says Bacon, "cannot make the subject of it either better or worse. It may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one. But we are the same. Not so that slanderer; the slander that he utters makes him worse, the slandered never."

"No one," says Jerome, "loves to tell a tale of scandal except to him who loves to hear it. Learn, then, to rebuke and check the detracting tongue, by showing that you do not listen to it with pleasure."

"No man sees the wallet on his own back," says the old proverb, alluding to the fable of the traveler with two packs, the one before stuffed with the faults of his neighbors, the one behind with his own.

It was a maxim of Euripides, either to keep silence or to speak something better than silence.

THE SANCTUARY.

When I go to the house of God I do not want amusement. I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear the remedy against the harassing of my guilt and the disorder of my affections. I want to be led from weariness and disappointment to that goodness which filleth the hungry soul. I want to have light upon the mystery of Providence; to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right; how I shall be prepared for duty and for trial; how I may fear God all the days of my life, and close in peace. Tell me of that Lord Jesus "who His own self bore our sins in His own body on the tree." Tell me of His "intercession for the transgressors," as their "advocate with the Father." Tell me of His Holy Spirit, whom they that believe in Him receive, to be their preserver, sanctifier, comforter. Tell me of His chastenings, their necessity, their use. Tell me of His presence and sympathy and love. Tell me of the virtues, as growing out of His cross, and nurtured by His grace. Tell me of the glory reflected on His name by the obedience of faith. Tell me of vanquished death, of the purified grave, of a blessed resurrection, of the life everlasting, and my bosom warms. This is Gospel; these are glad tidings to me as a sufferer, because glad to me as a sinner.—*Dr. John M. Mason.*

TOO TRUE.

One of the most remarkable things in human nature is the willingness of woman to sacrifice a girl's life for the chance of saving the morals of a scapegrace man. If a pious mother can only marry her Beelzebub to some good, religious girl, the chance of his reformation is greatly increased. The girl is neither here nor there, when one considers the necessity for saving the dear Beelzebub.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

NEW LINEN may be embroidered more easily by rubbing it over with fine white soap; it prevents the threads from cracking.

THE INK-STAND.—A few cloves added to ink will prevent it becoming mouldy and impart a pleasant perfume. Be sure to cover up the ink-stand when not in use.

WASHING QUILTS.—To wash quilts, comfortables, tickings, sackings, etc., soak in pure cold water twenty-four hours or more, then rub through warm water with a little soap and rinse well. It is worth trying.

PERSONS TROUBLED with feet that perspire or smell offensively can effect a cure by bathing them every night in a strong solution of borax. Two or three weeks of this treatment will probably be found sufficient.

HOW TO MAKE TEA GO FURTHER.—A method has been discovered for making more than the usual quantity of tea from any given quantity of the leaf. The whole secret consists in steaming the leaf before steeping. By this process it is said fourteen pints of good quality may be brewed from one ounce of tea.

PICKLED MUTTON HAMS.—Three gallons of soft water, one pound of coarse sugar, two ounces of saltpetre, three pounds of common salt. Boil and remove the scum, and when cold pour over the meat. In two or three weeks the ham will be excellent for baking or boiling. It may be smoked if preferred.

TEA ICE CREAM.—Put half an ounce of fine orange flavored Pekoe tea into an earthenware pot, and pour on it a pint of boiling milk. Let it stand until nearly cold, then pour it off fine, and, if necessary, strain to free it from any particles of leaf. Put the liquor into a large stewpan, with enough lump sugar to make it sweet. When it is hot add to it a quarter of a pint of rich cream and the yolks of five eggs. Stir over a slow fire until it becomes a thick custard, and then take from the fire; stir occasionally until it is cool, to prevent a skin forming. Freeze in the usual manner.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—Boil six medium-sized parsnips until tender, then mash them smooth, with a lump of butter [and salt and pepper to taste; add two beaten eggs, three even tablespoonfuls of flour and half a cupful of sweet milk. Heat some nice drippings and a little butter in a frying pan and drop the mixture by teaspoonfuls into the hot fat. When nicely browned on both sides lay them on whitish-brown paper folded in a plate and set them for five minutes in the oven; then serve on a hot dish in which is laid a folded napkin, and garnish with curled parsley.

Miscellaneous.

THREE KINGS.

Three kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltazar;
Three wise men out of the East were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And the wise men knew that the coming was
near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows.
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the three kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night over hills and dells,
And sometimes they nodded with heads on breast,
And sometimes talked as they paused to rest
With the people they met at the wayside wells.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltazar,
"Good people, I pray you tell us the news;
For we in the East have seen His star,
And have ridden fast and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered: "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the wise men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain
Like riders in haste who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the wise men and questioned them,
And said, "Go down into Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away: and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the three kings rode through the gate and the
guard,
Through the silent street till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed and the doors were
barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay—
The child that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside His place of rest,
Watching the even flow of His breath;
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet;
The gold was their tribute to a king;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete;
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the kings rode out of the city gate,
With the clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.
—H. W. Longfellow.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

A brief paragraph published in the *Eagle*, and received alike by our contemporaries, has already created a sensation in the metropolis of this country, and probably by this time is being just as eagerly discussed all over Europe. It was simply an announcement that a Scotch chemist had made something weighing a few grains, and that that substance not as big as an ordinary pill, had been manufactured only by nature. But that little bit of the commonest substance in nature, is the fulcrum upon which science will possibly work a revolution, neutralize a vast amount of capital stored, and benefit the world amazingly. It is nothing but carbon, and yet being so much coal or charcoal in a crystallized form it is a diamond, artificially made. Mr. James Maclear is the maker and three famous men, Professor Tyndall, Professor Smyth, chemists, and Mr. Maskelyne, of the British Museum, pronounce Mr. Maclear's product a genuine, undoubted diamond.

Some of our enterprising contemporaries, with a keen appreciation of the value of Mr. Maclear's diamond, if it is one, have interviewed leading jewellers and savans already. The opinions expressed vary slightly and are worth discussing. Professor Thomas Eggleston, Jr., of the School of Mines, says that if Mr. Maskelyne pronounces the little stone a diamond he is satisfied that it is one. But until he receives that authority's dictum he remains skeptical. According to him efforts have been made to produce the diamond artificially for three-fourths of a century, but always unsuccessfully. He adds that even if this were a true diamond the manufacture of artificial stones would be impracticable, because the process makes them at least forty times as costly as natural stones. To this conclusion the obvious

answer is, that Professor Eggleston only knows the cost of other experiments and not of this one, because he confesses himself ignorant of Mr. Maclear's process. He admits, however, that the aluminous stones like the emerald, ruby and sapphire have been made artificially. The diamond is not aluminous, being pure carbon, but if aluminium can be crystallized, why not carbon, since the whole value depends upon crystallization? Mr. Starr, a jeweller and diamond expert, expresses disbelief because previous efforts have failed, and common sense tells him that man cannot in a few years accomplish what it has taken nature thousands of years to do. This would be more sound if Mr. Starr could show that it took nature thousands of years to make a diamond. Science knows so little about it that even now it cannot tell, whether the diamond is mineral in origin and produced by electric or volcanic action; whether it is vegetable, or whether as a last possibility, it may not be an animal secretion. Water is made in a flash of lightning by the instant combination of two gases. Whence, then, comes the assumption that the diamond is a growth of thousands of years or of a quarter of a second? Another jeweller, Mr. Black, smiles because other attempts have been unsuccessful. Could a smile settle the matter we should have neither steam-engine nor electric wire, nor, indeed, anything beyond the simplest needs of man, for every addition to the world's discoveries has been frozen in infancy with an incredulous smile. Mr. Black likens the effort to make the diamond to the alchemist's attempt to convert all metals into gold. There is no analogy. The element of the diamond is not sought to be changed. Man is merely seeking an already existing process—that by which nature makes her diamonds. She taught him how to make everything he possesses, and to turn crude material into value; why should she not reveal the method of crystallizing carbon to the patient student of her own processes?

Again, these gentlemen speak rather hastily when they deny that the diamond crystal has been artificially formed. M. Despretz, at all events, produced minute diamonds. They met the diamond tests, and were just as truly diamonds as the Orloff or Kohinoor. It is rather too much to have to point out that quantity and quality are not identical, but to refuse to admit M. Despretz diamonds to rank with diamonds, on account of their size, is to assume that quantity and quality are identical.

One naturally turns from the consideration of the chemical to the economic side of the question. Can genuine diamonds be made more cheaply than they can be found? The diamond has not much intrinsic value, but it has some. It is used in the arts and manufactures, as well as for ornament, and might be employed much more widely but for its sentimental value. The latter depends primarily upon the scarcity of the stone, and in a lesser degree on its beauty. It is worn by the wealthy, because it is the one ornament that has never been successfully counterfeited. Plating has destroyed the value of pure gold ornaments; other precious stones have been either imitated or artificially made.

The diamond is sui generis, and has defied artificial rivalry. But causes have combined already to bring the diamond into disrepute, and in the United States at least good taste forbids its use. When every alderman, every gambler, and nearly every wanton woman is distinguished by a plenitude of diamonds, it is truly high time for persons of good taste to be guarded in their display. Beside, the Cape diamonds have in a measure lowered the value of the Indian and Brazilian stones, and now emeralds are more popular, and large rubies have for a long time had precedence over diamonds of the same weight, on account of their greater scarcity. It is, therefore, to be inferred that if Mr. Maclear's diamonds are genuine, as we have no reason to doubt, in view of the high testimony in their favor, and can be made cheaply, the reign of the diamond in fashion is at an end. This will have the effect of reducing the value of all the diamonds in the world, and will, therefore, produce great loss to the private owners and the merchants who have enormous capital in them. It may, on the other hand, be of incalculable advantage to the world at large, by providing a material whose practical value has had very little opportunity of development, and whose high refracting power may be employed in optical science in a manner hitherto undreamed of, while its other property of hardness may be turned to account on a large scale, just as it has been on a small one for centuries. At all events, science has added one more to her many triumphs, among which in these days may be included the aniline dyes, the solidification of hydrogen, the application of the spectroscopic to celestial and terrestrial observation, and the electric light.

THE WAYS OF LONDON BEGGARS.

Paralysis is often imitated, and so closely that there is no detecting the imposition. A fellow is directed how to hang the elbow, twist the wrist, and drop the fingers of one arm, and to drag the corresponding leg limply after him, counterfeiting a paralytic stroke to the life. I have seen one drilled up to the proper business mark, by marching him round and round a beggar's kitchen for hours at a stretch, and night after night. This is continued until the patient can bear a sharp and unexpected prick with a needle, or even the touch of a hot iron, without relapsing into his normal attitude. Not many years ago one of these mock paralytics, who was accustomed to throw off his seeming infirmity and play the burglar by way of change, was caught in the very act of breaking into a house and committed for trial. Here he got up such a semblance of hopeless paralysis as deceived everybody. When his trial came on he was carried into court on a stretcher, and laid at full length in the dock. Everybody, including the judge and jury, commiserated his case, and he escaped with one year's imprisonment, instead of a long term of penal servitude.

The doctor of the prison to which the convict was next transferred felt sure that the whole thing was a sham, and tried all the ordinary methods of detection, including liberal use of the galvanic battery, but without effect. At length a great heap of damp straw was collected in the gaol yard, and the scoundrel, still stretched on his pallet, which he never quitted, was placed thereon. The straw was fired on all sides, throwing out a little flame and dense volumes of choking smoke. This did the business, and quickly too. In less than a minute the paralyzed astonished everybody but the doctor, by bounding out among them with the agility of a deer. "The game is up," he exclaimed with a laugh, when he had done coughing—adding in a tone of triumph—"Anyhow, I have diddled the law out of six years." The torture such people inflict on themselves for weeks and months at a time, and voluntarily, is simply incredible.—*The Standard*.

A PRINCELY GERMAN HOME.

All cultured travelers who may in future visit Bavaria, will, I feel certain, write a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, thank me for directing their attention to my great archeological discovery of this year—Schloss Mainberg. This castle is situated within two English miles of the quaint and picturesque old city of Schweinfurt on the Main; but Mainberg receives from guide books a partly erroneous and wholly insufficient notice. The great Murray, for instance, devotes only four lines to this singularly interesting castle, and in those few lines he tells travelers that Mainberg is a carpet manufactory. I hope to show good reason for visiting the place.

Leaving the comfortable Raven Hotel, and then strolling down as far as the bridge, you turn to the left of the river, and then passing a road which runs between a line of railway and vineyards, you soon see before you, high up on the left hand, a most picturesque old Schloss which, in external appearance, approaches, if it does not quite equal, the matchless burg Eltz. Schloss Mainberg was built in 1399 or 1400. Its founders were the Counts, afterwards Princes, von Henneberg, and their arms adorn while their legends vivify the walls. This ancient family died out and Mainberg passed into the possession first of the prince-bishops and then into the hands of the royal house of Bavaria. Ludwig I., grandfather of the present King, sold Mainberg to the Sattler family, and to the Sattlers the older portion of the castle belongs to-day. The Sattler family is one of mark, of opulence, and of liberal culture. One of them—either the present Herr Sattler or his father—refused nobility when that honor was offered by the Crown.

In addition to preserving all the antiquities, all the heirlooms, which existed in Mainberg, Herr Sattler has made a few judicious additions to the rich and rare collection which long ages had stored up in the storied castle. Mainberg still shows clearly how German knights and princes lived in the fifteenth century. From the back of one great dwelling-room you ascend, by the old flight of steps, to the raised sleeping platform; and the castle represents both spear and spindle sides. In another room, in a deeply-recessed window—still splendid with old colored glass—are the seats which the lady of the castle and her maidens occupied as they sat spinning, while they cast, perhaps, many a wistful glance across the calm Main, and over the wild, wooded country which hid from loving eyes their warriors, then engaged in fierce and dangerous wars. The cushions on which these women sat as they worked on through many long

and lonely hours are still in the deep recess, while their spindles, now stiff from long disuse, stand where they stood in those far-off days of yore. All the curious things—and they are very many—which Mainberg still contains are seen amid their natural surroundings; they retain the magic of locality. I have no space to give even the barest catalogue of the antiquities stored up in stately Mainberg. Old weapons, each one of which has been wielded in some Mainberg fight; old suits of armor, each one of which has been worn by a man who is now a name in history or in story—these form the basis of a priceless collection. Old portraits hang upon the walls; old furniture stands in its old place in the old rooms.

Again, the castle store-rooms and closets are full of the old things of ordinary domestic use, as costumes, knives, forks, spoons, goblets, glass—which extend, in good specimens, over all the ages between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries. The collection of old German "pots" is, I am told, almost unrivalled; and, above all, there is one possession which is the special pride of Mainberg. This precious relic is the drinking cup which Lucas Cranach painted for and gave to Martin Luther on his wedding-day. On the cup are portraits by Cranach of the great Reformer, of Katharina Bora, and of Cranach himself. The date of the wedding fixes the date of cup and of portraits. The painter, Luther, and Katharina all drank out of this cup on the day of that memorable bridal. Here I must stop. To the archaeologist, to the antiquarian, to the lover of history and its romances, Schloss Mainberg and its contents will well repay the trouble of a visit.

BRIDAL COSTUMES OF FERNANDO PO.

As with us, the Fernando Po bride is clad in white—not the gauzy, flowing robe, however, but a plastering of earthy paste resembling plaster of Paris. She wears a bridal veil, too, composed of tiny white shells, strung together, and which covers the face from forehead to chin, while her plentifully pomatumed tresses are surmounted with an enormous helmet made of cowhide. The Fernando Po bridegroom is even more elaborately decorated. It is a work of time as well as of art to make the young gentleman ready to take the necessary vows before the two mothers—his own and his intended's—who act the part of priests. Like his bride, he is thickly plastered over with the white *tola* paste, and he wears on his head an enormous disc of fine bamboo p'ait skewered to his hair with long pins with blue and red beads for heads. His marriage raiment is of strung shells, and it being notorious that the instant a young man commences to make himself ready for marriage malicious evil spirits are in close attendance, and on the alert to baulk his laudable intent, as an antidote against their malevolence he carries in his hand the whole time, and never takes his eyes off, a piece of yam shaped like a heart, and in which the red feather of a parrot is stuck. The marriage ceremony is the essence of simplicity. The mother-priests place an arm of each round the neck of bride and bridegroom, and deliver a short address to them on their respective duties, after which the calash of palm wine is produced, and the contracting parties ratify the condition by drinking the one to the other, after which the officiating mothers-in-law pledge each in the remainder, and the ceremony is at an end.—*The Globe*.

Selections.

The greatest friend of truth is time.

A judicious silence is better than truth spoken without sincerity.—*De Sales*.

Upright simplicity is the deepest wisdom, and perverse craft the merest shallowness.

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.

No heart of man,
Though loving well and loving worthily,
Can be content with any human love.
—*Holland*.

God does not love us simply because Christ died; for Christ died because God loved us. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses, as the Roman Emperor Nero did, with gold, so it is to spend time in trifles.

He that has feasted upon God's goodness is desirous that many more should sit down at the same table: "O, taste and see that the Lord is good;" let this be life's test.

All boasted wisdom out of Christ is folly; all imaginary righteousness out of Christ is guilt; all assumed sanctification out of Christ is sin; all fancied redemption out of Christ is slavery.

Religion stands upon two pillars, namely: What Christ did for us in His flesh and what He performs in us by His Spirit. Most errors arise from an attempt to separate these two.—*John Newton*.

Science and Art.

A granite statue of Alexander Hamilton is to be erected in Trinity Church-yard, New York. It will be eight feet high and represent Hamilton standing with one hand resting on a column and at his feet a number of books.

The celebrated Townley collection of sculpture, for which Parliament paid \$100,000, has remained for twenty-five years in the cellar of the British Museum, and has only been viewed during that time, by lantern light, by a few people who insisted on seeing it.

Mr. James Maclean, of the St Rollox Chemical Works, has informed the Glasgow Philosophical Society that after experiments since 1866 he has succeeded in obtaining crystallized forms of carbon, which Professors Tyndall and Smith and Mr. Maskelyne, of the British Museum, do not doubt are diamonds.

The University of Gottingen has just received a splendid herbarium, which was left to it by Dr. Grisebach, the director of the Gottingen Botanical Gardens. It includes more than 40,000 species belonging to all parts of the earth, and has for many years been known as the most important private collection in existence. The German papers say that Dr. Grisebach was allowed to share every year in the distribution of plants "which is made annually with incomparable liberality by the London museums." He received more than 5,000 East Indian plants when the herbaria of the East India Company were given away to distinguished botanists. After his death an attempt was made to secure the collection for Paris, but its acceptance by the Gottingen University has been sanctioned by the King of Prussia.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF CHRIST.—In London was exhibited, a few weeks ago, at a fair in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, a remarkable portrait of Christ, purporting to be the oldest and best one in existence. A gentleman living in Rome lent the portrait to the society for its exhibitions, and has affixed to it a description saying it is "very old and wonderful," and that it was painted from an engraving on a medallion belonging to an MS. parchment which gave, in Greek and Latin, a description of the marks, person and physiognomy of Christ. It is supposed to date from the time of the early Emperors, and until recently was kept in the private museum of the Popes. The head and shoulders are represented, the head being turned slightly to the left and the eyes having an expression of great dignity and tenderness and looking upward.

Personal.

Cardinal McCloskey, it is said, wore \$10,000 worth of vestments at the High Mass on Christmas Day in the New York Cathedral.

It is said that Canon Farrar is to be made the Dean of Worcester, with an income of \$6,000 a year, and a handsome residence near the Cathedral.

The Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany, of St. Paul's M. E. Church, in New York, has announced that next spring he will leave New York to assume the pastorate of the Broad and Arch Streets Methodist Church in this city.

The Rev. George Hepworth, D. D., has had an interview with Father Hyacinthe in regard to his doctrinal position, and gives as a result the opinion that the pere is not a Protestant, except in the sense of protesting against abuses in the Church of Rome. He is still a Catholic, conducts a Catholic service, and holds essentially to the Catholic theology.

Books and Periodicals.

A complete account of the Holmes Breakfast, including all the brilliant poems and speeches, is to appear as a supplement to the February *Atlantic*.

Mr. Howells' new *Atlantic* serial, "The Undiscovered Country," promises to treat of some of the mysteries of Spiritism in a style so charming, that believers and doubters alike will be fascinated into reading it.

"An Earnest Trifler" has already reached the thirteenth edition. This goes to show that a famous name is not necessary to carry a book which has positive merit.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR JANUARY contains lively instalments of the two serials, "Jack and Jill," by Miss Allcott, and "Among the Lakes," by W. O. Stoddard, and opens with a brief history of "The Proud Little Grain of Wheat," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Mary Hallook Foote gives a stirring tale of a brave boy and girl in a Colorado forest-fire; also a full-page picture, taken on the spot by the Author. Frank R. Stockton contributes one of his "unexpected" fairy-tales, about a "Spring of Holly," and Charles Barnard describes the heroism of a poor little girl who was a "Practical Fairy" in a theatre. Among the poems is one about Russian child-life, by Paul H. Hayne, with three striking pictures, by Ivan Praniehnikoff.

For the boys specially, there is a full description, with diagrams, of how to build a snow-fort, make shields and ammunition sleds, and carry on "Snow-ball Warfare," besides a picture of the storming of a snow-fort. For the girls, there is a description of a "Dolls' Baby-show," and how fifty little girls in an asylum were made perfectly happy; six pictures, by Jessie Curtis, illustrate this story.

For the boys and girls together there are: an opera, based on the fairy-tale of the Sleeping Beauty, with a picture showing the costumes; a description, with plain pictures, of how to make and exhibit "The Boys' Own Photograph," and an account of the curious music and musical instruments of China, by Louis G. Elson, with nine illustrations. The articles of the number comprise a copy of Géricome's painting, "The Relay in the Desert," and the story of the wonderful career of Giotto, "The Shepherd-boy of Vespignano." There are bright and comical poems here and there; and the Departments, "For Very-Little-Folk," "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "Letter-Box," and "Riddle-Box," are full of short and interesting tales, poems, items, boys' and girls' letters, and puzzles.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: December, 1879.—The Irish Land Agitation. By J. O'Connor Power, M. P.; Government and the Artists. I. By Sir F. Leighton, P. R. A. II. By Henry T. Wells, R. A.; The Literary Calling and Its Future. By James Payn; Modern Atheism and Mr. Mallock. (Concluded.) By Miss L. S. Beverington; The Functions of the Brain. By Dr. Julius Althaus; The Doomsday Book of Bengal. By Francis W. Russell, C. B.; Mistresses and Servants. By Miss Caroline E. Stephen; Reasons for Doubt in the Church of Rome. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosdale; Irish Politics and English parties. By Edward D. J. Wilson; A Plea for the Eighteenth Century. By William Stebbing; On the Present State of the French Church. By the Abbé Martin; Escape from Pain: The History of a Discovery. By Sir James Paget, Bart; Splendid Misery. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Chapters XXIV. to XXVIII. From London World. New York: George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St. Published Monthly, Price 20 cents.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. C. U. HELLMAN,
Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1880.

PEACE IS NOT STAGNATION.

The results of the Peace Commission which lately met at Harrisburg, are far more promising, because the basis of agreement calls for no sacrifice of principle. The Pastoral Letter which we hope has been read to all our people by this time, shows that past differences were not as wide as they were supposed to be, and that whatever variations of opinion, or whatever misunderstandings may have prevailed, there was after all substantial unity in matters of faith. With misconceptions removed, and the prejudice and bitterness which these have engendered taken away, we will stand on a ground, that will enable us to put forth united efforts for the advancement of God's kingdom.

But it is a great mistake to suppose, that the peace of stagnation is at all desirable. The discouragement of years past has been, that all positive work has been met with suspicious counter-movements, which looked more to partisan triumphs than anything else; so that pastors and others were satisfied to stand on the defensive and maintain their grounds in their own congregations, rather than unite in any general action, that would extend and strengthen our work as a part of the Church of Christ.

Now the danger is in thinking that as fierce controversy is likely to be held in abeyance, or cease entirely, we may give ourselves to ease, like the troops after terms of amnesty have been concluded. There never was a greater mistake. If we have ceased to contend with one another, we have yet a common enemy to fight, and there never was a time when we were so loudly called upon to do aggressive work. Some weeks ago we proposed that \$10,000 should be raised for missions. We did this, not simply because the money was needed, nor yet solely because it was due as a tribute of gratitude to God, but because we believed the effort made to secure that sum would do more towards bringing our people together, and making them feel an interest in the Church at large than anything else. One drawback to our advancement has been in the fact, that our pastors and people, have indulged in a short-sighted economy, which never allowed them to look beyond their local interests. They have regarded anything given to our Boards and Institutions, as so much taken from themselves, and the result has been in every case to prevent the enlargement of charity, and to re-act hurtfully upon those who thought they were taking best care of themselves. This miserable policy, will be found to work badly in more directions than one. It is noticeable that in the last twenty years there have been less merely personal difficulties, in our denomination than in almost any other, and this has been because there has been something in the way of doctrine or worship, upon which everything could be saddled, but with these convenient subterfuges removed, evil and idle hearts will not be long in finding other things to raise a fuss about.

The best safeguard against all this will be to raise our people up from dreamy indifference to things beyond the limits of particular parishes, and put them to work, on what concerns the Church at large. The man whose religious life terminates on himself, and who has no interest in the eternal welfare of others, can never be a healthy Christian, or show any breadth of character. The same can be said of a congregation. There will be no growth in either case, but simple and certain deterioration.

Idleness is now our most dangerous foe. Unless the Church goes to work, in the broad spirit of benevolence and activity, we cannot expect much advantage from mere peace.

THE GRACE OF GIVING.

We have often wished we had a few millions of money just to see what we would do with it. All men think they know how they would dispose of it. The educational institutions of the Church would be placed beyond financial embarrassment; missionaries would have ample support, struggling congregations would be helped, and new enterprises would be established on a firm basis.

There is nothing, however, in which a man is more likely to deceive himself than in matters of that kind. Changed fortunes most frequently bring changed dispositions. The man, who suddenly inherits large possessions, often becomes selfish in his prodigality, while those who acquire means usually form habits of closeness that stick to them like the fabled shirt, after they have much more than a competency. We see this illustrated around us every day, and liberal as we may be with other people's money, we cannot be sure, that we would be better than they, if placed in their prosperous circumstances.

At any rate, the question may be asked whether the munificent endowments many think of in their day-dreams, would be a blessing after all. Wealth may be the bane of churches and institutions as well as of individuals. It is doubtful whether any congregation would do best, with every want so supplied as to do away with the necessity of contributions from the people on the altar of the Lord.

Our Heavenly Father could give us ample riches if He thought it wisest to make us stewards of so much; or He could supply the gold miraculously if that alone were needed; but we can hardly think of a church so constituted as to do away with the sacrifice of giving, by which our love for Him over the world, is constantly developed and tested. This is perhaps the reason why the privilege and duty is laid upon all, rather than upon the few. The man, who seeks exemption, tries to cut off a means of grace. Surely if this is the case, we should rejoice in an order of things which allows every one to give. The hope of the Church is in this, rather than in large benefactions, which might leave the masses of the people as sordid as if untouched by the love of God.

We hope we have said nothing to frighten off our millionaires. Wealth is a talent for which they will be responsible. But let no one think mere riches would favorably incline him to make gifts to the Lord. The man who is not faithful in little will not be faithful in much, and it is the united contributions of the people that God looks for in the upbuilding of His kingdom. In every case the main advantage accrues to him, who sacrifices mammon on the altar of the Almighty. The inward conquest is that which is necessary to true healthy Christian life.

THRILLING ACCIDENT.

We have recently had another full chapter of accidents, the most startling of which was a railroad disaster in Scotland, resulting in the largest loss of life since the wreck of a train in Russia in 1877, when four hundred chained exiles were killed, on their way to Siberia.

Last week a train from Edinburgh to Dundee went upon a bridge over the Frith of Tay during a severe gale. The bridge is 10,820 feet long, and those who saw it start over the trestle-work did not know whether it had reached the other side, but there was some apprehension for its safety. Lights were seen to flash up and go down, and it was soon found that some spans of the structure had given way, and that the whole train was under the water. The 315 passengers were locked in the compartments according to the English custom, and could not escape; but floating articles of baggage told the tale. The bridge was thought to be a marvel

of scientific construction, which would bear the stress of any storm, but it proved insufficient, and investigations have since shown, that the precautions of the British system, are not what they are in this country, where watchmen, and automatic signals herald dangers in advance. Still such casualties may occur anywhere, and people may be so appalled by them, as to stay out of cars and steamers for awhile; and yet the severest critic of railroads, has had to admit, that the percentage of accidents to travelers is far less than it is to those who stay at home. The travel in the United States during the Centennial year, when millions of people were scudded over the country in trains that hurried hither and thither like a weaver's shuttle, with no loss of life, has always excited our wonder. But after all, we cannot rise above possibilities and liabilities, and our only hope is in the supplication of the old litanies, which say, 'Good Lord deliver us.'

BETTER WASTED THAN USED.

Some one when asked if he did not want to see the works of the Devil destroyed, answered "Yes, but I don't care about seeing anything wasted." This considerate individual had evidently set up some machinery for a fight which he did not like to take down; or some "crooked thing" in morals, which he did not wish to give up. We once heard of a man who had run his finances so recklessly, that he thought it necessary to dispose of his property, and resolved to make a grand spree of it. His friends protested and offered to help him through the crisis, but he declined, saying that the sale had been advertised, the whiskey bought, and it would not do to disappoint the public. But seriously a great deal of this spirit may be in those who say they would like to do right. The dram-seller would at times give up his soul-destroying business, if he knew what to do with the bar and fixtures and good-will of his establishment. Often the prospects of a livelihood must be abandoned. But God requires the sacrifice of that which is evil, and this sacrifice extends to the inmost thoughts of men. Let Satan be defeated at any cost. Some things had better be wasted than used.

LAI'D TO REST.

Dr. Fisher returned from the burial of his daughter at Chambersburg on Thursday evening. We could go with him on that journey only in spirit, but our associations with the place were such, that the whole scene came vividly before our mind's eye. The old church-yard, hallowed by the dust of so many we still love, is a most restful spot; and even on that wintry morning, when the wind was sighing among the trees, we know, that the snow-clad pines seemed like surpliced priests, extending their arms in benediction. Yes, the whole picture was before us; for we had stood there more than once, tears, and rain, and sleet blinding our eyes; but everything around us was jeweled, and needed only a ray of sunlight to make it shine with the brightness of the Christian's crown. It was a fitting thing that this child of God should be brought back to the place of her birth, and laid under the shadows of the church, within whose walls she had learned of Christ and consecrated herself to His service, and commenced her work for Him. There the friends of her youth may lay their garlands on her grave, and one would almost think, that the sleeper, raised up by the voice of Christ at the last day, would look around and feel at home for a moment on earth, ere she went to meet the Lord in the air.

We were certain, too, that Dr. Fisher's friends in the town, where he lived and labored so long, would show him such sympathy, and pay him such attention, as would help to assuage his grief. In this we were not disappointed, and thoughts of those who ministered to him are now comforting him in his desolate home. Above all, the precious truths of the gospel, declared to him by his ministerial brethren over the bier of his child, have been a consolation and a stay.

WAKING UP.

There is evidently going on in our Reformed Zion a revival of interest in those benevolent enterprises and works which are essential to the true character and development of the Christian Church. Quite long enough, perhaps too long, have our spare energies been expended in domestic conflict; and a score of years thus partially employed has proven very clearly, that the real work of the Church has been, in a large measure, neglected. But now, by the grace of God, we not only see what benefits have been secured by the earnest discussion of Church questions, but, what is of greater importance, we have been led to see also our short comings as regards works of charity and benevolence.

To know and feel this must be the first step in a new departure from sluggish supineness to earnest Christian activity in the practical work committed by the Lord to His Church. That the Reformed Church feels deeply on this subject at the present time, is evident from various facts. Our Synod's for instance, have come to treat the matter of missions, education, etc., with something more and better than a few barren resolutions. There has been of late no disposition, on the part of our ecclesiastical bodies, to hurry through subjects of this kind. With solemn earnestness they have addressed themselves to the duty of calling forth the sleeping genius of benevolence in the Church, that the Lord's glorious cause might not suffer, and that the people themselves might be saved from the condemnation of those who come not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

The readers of the MESSENGER cannot have failed also to observe with what nervous argument and pleading, writers have, week after week, called upon our churches and people to wake up from their slumbers and hear the cry of spiritual distress and need, and to answer the cry by their prayers and their alms. Synods and Church papers are waking up; and if the people will follow their lead, and fall into line as by command of the heavenly Captain, then we may, without a doubtful figure of speech, call them an army going forth to conquer; not lying down to sleep, or belying the Christian profession by pretending to serve Christ, when in fact they only serve Mammon.

Let the waking up continue until the whole Church and all the people composing it shall become alive to the truth, that to serve Christ with their money and with all their powers of body, soul and spirit is the great duty and glorious privilege of all who are called to be saints. K.

LITERARY ANNIVERSARY.

From *Public Opinion* we learn that the Marshall Literary Society of Mercersburg College, celebrated its 14th anniversary on the evening of the 18th ult. The large audience was welcomed in a well-timed Salutatory by R. H. West, Harrisburg, Pa. J. W. Miller, Mercersburg, Pa., discoursed on the "Development of Thought." J. F. L. Harbaugh, Mercersburg, Pa., eulogized Edgar Allan Poe. O. J. H. Swift, Wilkinsburg, Pa., explained "National Honor." E. D. Wingenroth, Wilkinsburg, Pa., in a short poem, told of the sad suffering of Valley Forge, and H. H. Sangree, of Alexandria, Pa., in the Marshall Oration, enforced the necessity and value of "Historical Studies."

The College, we are glad to learn, bids fair to bridge over its financial difficulties. The second session of the year opened on the 21 of this month.

THE KIND OF MEN ASKED FOR.

A writer in the *Congregationalist* says, "Fifteen" ministers are wanted "at once" in Illinois. Must be "heroes," "extemporaneous speakers," and ready for "sacrifice." Shall I go? Would they think me a "hero" when I arrived? If not, who will pay my fare? The "Year Book" (1879) says in Illinois "ninety-one" ministers "not in pastoral work." Would not a large share of them like to help along some church? Or are they all inefficient? Cannot every one of the

"fifty-three" unsupplied churches in that State have the gospel from the lips of men already on the ground? Are not some of the churches looking for too much "hero"? Or are the "ninety-one" ministers looking for too large a church?

The *Presbyterian*, remarking upon the above general subject, says: "We have heard of many qualifications which are demanded of pastors in our time, some singular, and some ludicrous. Above all things, in the popular estimate, a minister must be a 'live' man, or as some put it, a man with 'snap in him,' who can 'run' a church, &c. But a new claim has just been put in for a vacant Universalist pulpit in Philadelphia, for which a correspondent of an exchange asks the question, 'Hasn't New England a persuasive, woman-eyed, manly man to take the place?'"

Notes and Quotes.

Special despatches announce the first appearance of the New Vatican Newspaper, of which mention has already been made in our columns. Some idea of its spirit and contents will be found under the head of General Religious Intelligence, on our seventh page. It seems to be full of fight, and contends among other things for the secular power of the Pope.

Church bells pealed out upon the wintry sky in Philadelphia last week when the Old Year died, and the New Year was born; but the horrid noises of banging fire-arms, creaking steam-whistles and coarse fog-horns, destroyed the sentiment. It was like a contest for victory between good and evil, in which the good seemed for the time to have the worst of it. A great deal of faith was required to make one hope for the triumph of purity and peace. But we thought of Montgomery's Hymn, Dr. Harbaugh was so fond of humming, and remembered that the choral harmony of Heaven would finally overpower the Babel tongues of Earth.

Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish agitator, arrived in New York on the 2d inst., and was met by a number of citizens who sympathize with him. Mr. Parnell is an Irishman, like St. Patrick, that is, he was not born in Ireland, but he is a member of the British Parliament, and has gained all his notoriety, by his endorsement of the speeches for which Daley, Killen and Devitt were arrested. The whole intent of these speeches, was to incite the tenants of the Emerald Isle, against the landlords on account of high rents. But Mr. Parnell has been unfaithful to his own tenants in this regard, and his record does not seem to justify his speeches. He is an agitator, whose ostensible object in visiting this country is to see his friends, but his real intention seems to be to get up sympathy with the uprising that has caused trouble without correcting evils at his home. Among the arrangements announced at this writing, is one for a mass meeting at Madison Square Garden, on Sunday evening, when he will "present Ireland's cause."

Bishop Pinkney, successor to the late Bishop Whittingham, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has "inhibited" Rev. A. G. Mortimer from performing ministerial acts in the Diocese of Maryland. From this injunction, it appears, there is no appeal, as the proscribed clergyman was just passing over from the diocese of Pennsylvania, and sustained no full relation in either place. Dr. Mortimer was, as we understand it, at one time assistant to Father Prescott, in St. Clement's Church, the "ritualistic" tendency of which has given rise to much talk, and this is the ground of the new bishop's protest, although Dr. Mortimer is said by his friends to be very moderate in his Church views. We do not know much about that, and care less, but Episcopal machinery has strange kinks in it, if the only way to tie a man up is to catch him on the fence. The square thing would be for Bishop Stevens to handle Father Prescott here, and Bishop Pinkney to injoin Dr. Rankin in Balti-

more, if these ministers are unsound in their protestantism. This "inhibition" is Bishop Pinkney's first official act, and will call out much comment on both sides.

Public Opinion, issued at Chambersburg, comes to us this week in new type. Mr. Foltz, the editor and proprietor, was foreman in the MESSENGER office when our periodicals were published at that place, and his friends will be glad to hear that he has been successful in establishing a paper of his own; for the percentage of mortality among newspapers is very great. Most of them die very young, and leave their parents overwhelmed with financial grief. The father of a ten-year-old journal should rejoice if his child has escaped cholera-infantum, croup, measles, whooping-cough, and all the diseases that are likely to take a young one off. And he should be especially glad if he is able to answer the demands of his vigorous boy for a new suit of clothes.

By the way, in the histories of Franklin County, given to the public during the last few years, there is a chapter devoted to the *Press* in that locality. Yet not one word is said of the MESSENGER and its veteran editors, although for years before the fire, our printing establishment was a leading and profitable institution in the community, and did the press-work for every other paper. Why was this thus?

Communications.

CHRISTMAS PROFANATION.

We find the following in a city paper, which shows how things are tending in certain Christian communities, that find themselves constrained to celebrate Christmas, and yet do not clearly apprehend what it means:

The two hundred children of the Church Sunday School were given an entertainment last night in the Sunday School room. Kris Kringle was present, with his sleigh and reindeer, and gave each child a present of confectionery, &c. His entrance caused much merriment, and the pastor of the church, Rev. —, who is superintendent of the school, had considerable trouble in controlling the little folks. A feature was a huge Christmas tree handsomely adorned.

This indicates the drift of things in many places in regard to these celebrations, where no other or higher idea prevails, than that they furnish a *show* and a *treat* for the children. In three churches of different denominations, of which the writer knows, Christmas observances more objectionable than the one described above, were held during last week. At one of them, a bed with a young child in it contributed the main feature. At another, a grotesquely dressed man climbing into the church through a window with gifts for good children and rods for bad ones, and at another a small house with a large chimney, down which the Kris-Kringle was seen to go with his bag of toys and good things. And all this in their several churches, which, for the time being, were converted into low theatres. What have such things in common with the mystery of Bethlehem, and what spiritual advantage can come to the children from such abominable burlesques of the Christmas Festival? May the Lord of the Christmas Feast preserve our Reformed pastors and people from such miserable profanation of holy things.

OUR YOUNG JAPANESE AT LANCASTER.

Inasmuch as I am often asked by friends of the cause of foreign missions, how Mr. Yamanaka, the young Japanese, at our institution at Lancaster, is getting along, I take pleasure in giving publicity to the following testimony of him from a letter to me by one of his professors.

The professor writes: "Mr. Yamanaka is well liked by every one, and conducts himself with propriety in every sense. He is refined in his feelings and manners, is very attentive to his studies and his religious duties. I feel much attached to him, and take great interest in his Christian training. He is well received in the best families, and is rather a favorite among the students and young people of the congregation. I think he is very prudent in his associations. If he proves to be persevering and steadfast, he will find plenty of friends to aid him, and gain favor as he advances in his course. As to his religious experience, I feel assured, that all will come right in this respect, through the careful instruction he receives; and as he advances in his college course, he will acquire continually better control of our language. In any case he will have the opportunity of becoming a cultured and useful man, so that when he returns to Japan he will be prepared to do much good in whatever calling he may engage. I will do all I can for him and be his warm friend. To-morrow he is to take Christmas dinner with us."

And are there not others who will aid this young man in his studies at Franklin and Marshall College? Rev. Dr. Thos. G. Apple, at Lancaster, Pa., receives all funds for this purpose.

CHRISTMAS REJOICINGS.

Christmas services were held in the three congregations constituting the Mt. Moriah, Md., charge, of which Rev. A. U. Geary is pastor. The churches were neatly decorated, and at Keedysville a Christmas tree added its attractions to the general interest of the occasion. A very handsome present of a silver-plated butter dish was presented to the organist here. At Sharpsburg, also, a treat for the children was provided. The pastor and superintendents made short addresses. The services

were well attended, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. The collections for the orphans amounted to ten dollars. The pastor and his family were kindly remembered in the giving of gifts by the Sharpsburg congregation. It is evident that the true observance of this Church festival is coming to be better understood and appreciated, and its power for good enhanced accordingly in this part of the Church.

On Christmas forenoon and evening the New Goshenhoppen Reformed church, of which the Rev. C. Z. Weiser, D. D., is pastor, held their Christmas festival. In the morning, the Sunday Schools connected with the church, met in their respective rooms, and headed by the infant school, marched up and occupied the front pews of the church, which was very beautifully decorated, with a large Christmas tree in the middle aisle, loaded with splendid things. The schools went through with their exercises, which consisted of questions and answers interspersed with excellent music. In the evening the pastor delivered two addresses, German and English, to a crowded house. The "East Greenville Sixtett," under the leadership of Prof. Horace Betchel, furnished the instrumental music, and some of said members and others, the vocal.

The Omaha Republican says: "Calling in at the modest little German Reformed church on Dodge street, we found it wearing the same holiday appearance which was seen elsewhere. A magnificent Christmas tree, fully fifteen feet in height, trimmed in German style, occupied the north end of the church, and was a rare and beautiful sight. It was lighted with over a hundred tapers, and its branches were bending beneath a load of stars, rosettes, flags, banners, etc., while festoons of snow-white popcorn were suspended from limb to limb, and extended in graceful sweeps to the chandelier, and side pieces. It was one of the prettiest Christmas trees we ever laid eyes on, and the children of Rev. Theo. Falk's Sabbath School were, with reason, wild with delight. A table in front of the tree was laden with packages of candy, nuts, cake and popcorn, which was distributed unsparingly among the children, and, in addition, each received a little book as a memento of the occasion.

The congregation and friends presented the pastor, Mr. Falk, with a handsome and comfortable overcoat. There were no formal exercises, but everybody had a royal good time.

Christmas was observed by the Pine Run Reformed congregation and Sunday School. The service was such as to call to mind at once the birth of the infant Saviour. The choir sang as an opening, "Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer," &c. This was followed by the responsive service as contained in Harbaugh's Hymns and Chants, from Advent and Christmas; by the singing of Christmas hymns, such as "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," "Hark! what mean those holy voices?" "Silent Night," and a few others. Four classes had committed Scripture passages relating to the birth of the Saviour, which they recited. Prayer was offered and a short sermon preached by the pastor from the words by St. Luke ii. 10, 11. Every member of the school received a gift, after which the whole service was closed by singing another hymn, repeating the Lord's Prayer, the Doxology and the Benediction. Thus was Christmas celebrated at Pine Run. Everybody, as far as I know, was well pleased with what they saw, heard and received.

The Sunday School of the Mission church, at Wyoming, Delaware, had a pleasant time on Christmas day. Two trees were loaded down with gifts from the consistory to the children. The pastor was assisted by Rev. J. Hannabery, of Ridgely Mission, and the new order of service published by our Board, was used. A collection was taken up for the orphans.

The Sunday School and congregation of the Third Reformed church of Baltimore, had a real merry Christmas. Thankfulness for its almost complete recovery from the distractions of about a year ago, entered largely into the joy of this festive season. The church is handsomely decorated. Mottoes and symbolical designs add very much to the effect. Early services were held, and though the weather was very inclement, yet a goodly number of the members took occasion to join in the services. In the evening, the school held its anniversary, which was all that could have been desired by even the most sanguine. The scholars were out in full. The singing and responsive reading were very hearty. The main school is under the efficient superintendence of Mr. Geo. G. Everhart, and the infant department is watched over with scrupulous care by Misses Mary Reister and Martha Valentine.

A handsome surprise was in reserve for the pastor. In the midst of the evening service, something which had been covered up in the corner of the church was rolled out and presented in a timely address by Mr. Everhart. It proved to be a handsome cabinet organ, which was received with appropriate expressions of thankfulness. The scholars received their gifts, and the large congregation dispersed, with much joy at the services and pleasures of the evening.

On Sunday, the 14th of Dec., 1879, the communion of the Lord's Supper was celebrated at the River church, of the Turbutville, Pa., charge, and of a class of sixteen *five* were confirmed. The collection for missions amounted to \$2.91.

A special service was held at the Strawberry Ridge church on Christmas morning. Although there was not a full attendance of the congregation, the collection for missions amounted to \$9.26.

A Christmas morning service was held in the Turbutville congregation at 6 o'clock. Notwithstanding the rain at the hour of meeting it was well attended and much enjoyed by all present. The pastor was assisted by the Rev. A. P. Pfeiffer, and Mr. A. R. Glaze, the former a minister and the latter a theological student of the Lutheran Church.

In the evening, the Sunday School festival was held, which consisted of select music, dialogues and recitations. Among the dialogues were those written by Dr. Harbach and the pastor. The church was neatly decorated. The admission fees amounted to \$25. The Sunday School made a free-will offering amounting to \$13.48. Of this \$10 are for the benefit of the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf. The pastor was not forgotten during the festive season, but was made the recipient of a number of useful gifts for which the kind donors have his sincere thanks.

The Christmas festivals at Schaeffertown and Millbach passed off very successfully. A purse was presented to the pastor containing \$31.43.

The Second Reformed church, Hagerstown, Md., Rev. L. G. Kremer, pastor, held an interesting Christmas festival with their Sunday School, on Christmas evening. Revs. J. S. Kieffer and H. Cook were present and ad-

ressed the school. The church was neatly trimmed, and the services were well attended, truly pleasant and profitable. The children were remembered in the usual way, and the organist and pastor were not forgotten, each receiving useful and valuable presents, for which they are truly thankful. A collection was taken up for the Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa., amounting to \$5.22.

The people at Martinsburg, Pa., over whom Rev. J. David Miller is pastor, spent a very pleasant Christmas season. The church was very handsomely decorated for the occasion. The pastor preached in the morning. In the evening the Sunday School festival was held. The service recently published by our Publication Board was used. The children received gifts, and about fifty gifts were distributed by scholars to their teachers, and by teachers to their scholars, independent of those distributed by the school. The pastor and his wife were also handsomely remembered. During the singing of the last hymn, a little boy and girl came forward and handed to each of them a sealed envelope. Rev. F. A. Rupley, a former pastor, as well as the present pastor himself, addressed the school. The attendance was large, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and all seemed to be much interested in the exercises. A collection was taken up in aid of Bethany Orphans' Home.

The Sunday School connected with the Riegelsville church, Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach, pastor, held a delightful Christmas festival. The school numbers over two hundred scholars, something unusual for so small a congregation. The church was handsomely decorated. It will wear its festive apparel until the Lenten season approaches. The services were of a devotional character throughout. The pastor, along with others, was kindly remembered.

Rev. S. M. Roeder was kindly remembered by his people of the Centre Hall congregation, in connection with the Christmas season. They presented him with a handsome student's chair, a most appropriate and acceptable gift. He held divine service in his churches during the day.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The North Branch District of East Susquehanna Classis will hold a Sunday School Convention in Shiloh Reformed Church, Danville, Pa., commencing Jan. 27th, at 2 P. M., and continuing to Wednesday evening.

Programme.

Tuesday Afternoon: Importance of Early Religious Instruction.—Revs. T. Derr and S. C. Meekel. **Tuesday Evening:** Sunday School Government.—Revs. E. D. Miller and A. Houtz. **Wednesday Morning:** The Missionary Work of our Church.—Revs. F. K. Levan and W. C. Schaeffer. **Wednesday Afternoon:** How best to develop the Missionary Spirit in the Sunday School.—Revs. G. B. Dechant and J. M. Clemens. **Wednesday Evening:** Sunday School Hymns and Worship.—Revs. W. E. Krebs and T. Derr.

All persons expecting to attend will please give timely notice to Rev. W. C. Schaeffer, Danville, Pa., that provision may be made for their entertainment.

G. B. DECHANT,
Superintendent.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

At a late communion in Kittanning charge, Rev. D. S. Dieffenbacher, pastor, five persons were added to the church, three by renewed profession, and two by confirmation; all heads of families.

The late communion seasons in Bethany charge, Rev. D. C. Tobias, pastor, proved to be refreshing. In one of the congregations, the number of communicants was the largest since the year 1828. Additions were made in all the congregations but one. The total number was sixteen; thirteen by confirmation and three by certificate. Total during the year, twenty-four.

SYNOD OF POTOMAC.

A special meeting of Mercersburg Classis was held in Christ Reformed church, Altoona, Pa., on Dec. 19th, 1879. Rev. J. M. Titzel was received as a member of the Classis from Westmoreland Classis. A call from Christ church was considered, found in order, and confirmed; and the following committee appointed to install said brother as pastor over the congregation, viz: Revs. F. A. Rupley, J. David Miller and Simon Wolf.

The installation services took place in the evening at 7 o'clock, before a pretty full attendance of the congregation—the church being nearly filled. The audience-chamber of the church was tastefully decorated, and at the close of the services many of the members availed themselves of the opportunity of taking the newly-installed pastor by the hand and giving him a kindly greeting.

The sermon on the occasion was preached by request of the President of Classis, by the pastor of the Martinsburg charge.

An interesting communion was held in the Reformed church of Middletown, Frederick county, Md., on Sunday, Dec. 28th, 1879. The services connected with the occasion began on Christmas morning; there being service Christmas morning and night, Friday morning and night, and Saturday afternoon. On Sunday morning a large congregation assembled, the greater part of whom also appeared at the communion table. The pastor was assisted by Rev. H. W. Hoffmeier throughout the services, and on Friday by Rev. J. H. Marsh, of the M. E. Church, who preached Friday evening. The communion alms contributed for Home Missions amounted to \$16.

The contributions of the Sunday School, at its festive service on Christmas morning, for Orphans' Homes, amounted to \$34, making a total of \$80 contributed to benevolent purposes during the Christmas season. Besides this, the congregation just lately repaired the steeple of their church at a cost of \$416, nearly all of which is paid. They are also enlarging and beautifying their lecture-room to accommodate their growing Sunday School. 19 copies of the *Guardian*, 50 copies of the *MESSENGER*, and 12 copies of the *Christian World* are taken in the congregation. A Missionary Society was lately organized with between 50 and 60 members, which it is hoped, will largely increase. Finally, the congregation always pays its preacher.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

Rev. J. Dotterer, of Mervin, Westmoreland county, Pa., has added twenty-one to the church since the commencement of his pas-

torate in May last. Eighteen persons were received into full communion on the first Sunday after Christmas. Catechization is faithfully kept up. The small congregation now has service every Sunday, and supports its own pastor.

Rev. J. I. Swander has resigned the pastorate of the Latrobe charge, and removed to Tiffin, Seneca county, Ohio, at which latter place his correspondents will please hereafter to address him.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Winter Term of the Theological Seminary will open on Thursday, Jan. 8th, 1880, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

E. V. GERHART,

Pres. of Faculty.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 30, 1879.

ALMANACS FOR 1880.

Both editions of the English Almanac, for the East and the West, have been issued. The former can be obtained from the "Christian World" office at Dayton, Ohio, and the latter from the Reformed Church Publication Board, 907 Arch street, Philadelphia. Orders will be promptly attended to. They will be sold at the following reduced rates:

12 copies,	\$0.60
50 "	2 35
100 "	4 50

When sent by mail, ten cents per dozen must be added for postage. A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have procured a supply of the German Almanac published at Cleveland, Ohio, which will be sold at the same rates at which they can be procured from the publishers, namely: A single copy sent by mail on receipt of 12 cents in postage stamps; 1 dozen, 90 cents, to which 17 cents must be added for postage when sent by mail.

Married.

On Dec. 24th, 1879, at the bride's home, by Rev. T. R. Dietz, James Reiser to Miss Catherine Geist, both of Northville, Jefferson Co., Pa.

At the Reformed parsonage, Jefferson, Dec. 21st, 1879, by Rev. F. E. Laury, Mr. Henry Wildeson to Miss Mantilla Moyer, both of Manheim, York Co., Pa.

At the home of the bride's parents, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 24th, 1879, by Rev. E. H. Dieffenbacher, Absalon S. Hetzel, from near Dover, Del., to Miss Maggie E. Roush, of Wyoming, Del.

At the Reformed church parsonage in Middlebrook, Augusta Co., Va., on the 23rd of December, by the Rev. S. L. Whitmore, Mr. Jacob F. Jarvis to Miss Sarah E. Zimmerman, both of Rockbridge Co., Va.

On the 18th of November, 1879, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Mr. David R. Prior to Miss Anna Louisa Hartzel, both from near Dewart, Northumberland Co., Pa.

On the 11th of Dec., 1879, by the same at the home of the bride, Mr. Cloyd R. Koons to Miss Sallie E. Sterner, both from near Dewart.

On the 18th of Dec. 1879, by the same, at the residence of Mr. E. L. Matchin, Watontown, Pa., Mr. Daniel A. Weibly of Blaine, Perry Co., Pa., to Miss L. Agnes Dunn of Turbutville, Northumberland Co., Pa.

On the 23d of Dec., 1879, by the same, at the home of the bride, Mr. Elmer A. Russ to Miss Flora Jane Shade, both of Turbutville, Pa.

At the home of the bride, 113 Harlem Avenue, Baltimore, Md., Tuesday, Dec. 16th, 1879, by Rev. J. T. Rosier, William H. Miller of Washington Co., Md., to Annie E. Dorsey of Baltimore Md.

On the 30th ult., by the Rev. A. C. Geary, at the home of the bride, Dr. Samuel K. Snively of Williamsport, to Miss Lida A. Dallinger, of Cedar Grove, all of Washington Co., Md.

On the 1st of January, 1880, at the residence of Mr. Charles Brown in Martinsburg, by Rev. S. Wolf, Mr. Samuel C. Rhodes of Martinsburg, Blair Co., to Miss Mollie A. Burket of Curryville, Blair Co., Pa.

Ebituaries.

Joseph Glessner, of Somerset Co., Pa., departed this life September 25th, 1879, aged 78 years, 10 months and 16 days.

He was a father in Israel. Tall, robust and erect in form, with an abundance of snow-white locks to deck his head, and features strongly marked and well proportioned, he had quite a patriarchal appearance. He inherited the characteristics of a robust and vigorous ancestry. He was the son of Jacob Glessner, and the grandson of the Elder Jacob Glessner, who was stabbed by the impostor, Spangenberg, at Berlin, Pa. He was the father of 12 children, 7 sons and 5 daughters—5 sons and three daughters still living. His grandchildren number 56, and his great-grandchildren 30. Jacob Glessner, his grandfather, came from Germany.

He was of Reformed ancestry for many generations, extending no doubt, back to the Reformation period. He was baptized, catechized and confirmed by the sainted Father, H. Giesy. For fifty-five or six years he was a full communion member of the Reformed Church. For some 53 years he lived in the estate of holy wedlock with his estimable wife who survives him, but looks in faith and hope to the land of eternal rest. He served in the office of Deacon for some years and afterwards was elected to the Eldership, in which he served actively until succeeded by one of his sons. Three of his sons are to day in the active Eldership and readers of the *Messenger*, and two of his grandsons honorably bear the office of Deacon, whilst nearly all his descendants adhere to the same faith. He was a man of firm and stable character. He wandered not much through the earth for a place of abode, but lived for some 48 years on the farm where he died, which adjoins the one on which he was born. Neither did he run to and fro in Christendom, driven by every wind of doctrine and led by the cunning craftiness of men, but continued in the faith which he professed unto the end of his life. He enjoyed a large measure of good health, and being industrious, the rewards of industry also were reaped and enjoyed by him.

Some nine months before his death, he was attacked by that fearful and fatal disease, Senile Gangrene. This was, indeed, a sore affliction. Through it all, however, he showed great patience in suffering and was not dejected, but seemed resigned. His pastor visited him frequently during his illness, seeking to comfort and encourage him by pointing him in faith and hope to the Home in heaven, the Father's house on high, where suffering and sorrow never come. He murmured not, nor complained as day by day, he grew weaker and weaker, until pointing upward, (his lips moved, but no sound escaped them) he fell asleep in Jesus—partaker of His grace and salvation. The funeral was attended by a large concourse of friends and neighbors. His pastor endeavored to improve the occasion from the text Phil. i. 21, setting forth the proper object or end of life—and how death is gain to those who live for this object. Rev. S. R. Bridenbaugh was also present and took part in the services.

H. F. K.

Acknowledgments.

Received for the support of the Japanese student at Franklin and Marshall College.

Rev Sam'l Z. Beam, \$5 00
do Wm M Landis, 5 00

\$10 00

F. Fox.

ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

Rec'd from Brandon cong, Buchanan Co, Iowa, Rev Thomas S Land, \$3 00
from Easton cong, Rev Dr T C Porter, Dry Goods and Clothing, 60 00
from Easton cong, Rev Dr T C Porter, cash, 80 00
do Franklin Eyerly, Philadelphia, 10 00
do Rev D Willers, Fayette, N Y, 2 50
do Rev J Risk, Ebenezer, N Y, 5 75
do Mrs K-v J Vogelien, Dunkirk, N Y, 10 00
do Z on's Ref cong, Buffalo, N Y, Rev J B Knies, 5 20

from Mrs Catharine Davenport, Robersonia, Pa, do Bridgetown cong, Rev J W G Dengler, do Leidy's do do do 4 01
do Sellersville do do do 5 50
do St Paul's Ref Ch, Reading, Pa, Rev B Bauman, D D, 100 00

from A few ladies of St Paul's Ch, Reading, Pa, Rev B Bauman, D D, Wind-w Shades and Dry Goods, 10 00
from St Paul's Ch, Reading, Pa, Cakes, Rev B Bauman, D D, 5 00

from C K Whitmer, Canton Flannel, no est. sent, Rev B Bauman, D D, 5 00
from Mrs Isaac McHose, piece muslin, no est. sent, Rev B Bauman, D D, 25 00

from A Friend, St Paul's Ch, Reading, Pa, Rev B Bauman, D D, 28 70
from Ref S Sch, (Huber Ch) Colebrookdale's, Dr C K Christman and Jno. G Glace, Sup's, from T T Miller Easton, Pa, Apples, 4 00
do Mary Jane Gemmel, Christ Ref Ch, Phila, Pa, 2 00

from Bethlehem cong, Box Cakes, etc no est. sent, 10 07
from St John's Ref cong, Allentown, Box Cakes, no est. sent, 1 00
from Filbert & Bro, Womelsdorf, 1 Bus Hickory Nuts, 1 00

from Grace Derr Berwick, Rev T Derr, do Zion's Ref Ch, Allentown, Dr N S Strassburger, Dry Goods, 19 02
from Mrs Enoch Newhart, Dr N S Strassburger 1 quilt, 5 00
from J Rader, Easton, Pa, 50lb candy, 7 50

do Ref S Sch at Ashland, Pa, Rev R Durngor, 10 07
from Trinity First Ref S Sch, York, Pa, Dr J O Miller, 15 51
from Mrs Catharine Kunkle, Salem's Ref Ch, Harrisburg, Pa, 25 00

from Salem's Ref S Sch, Harrisburg, Rev W H Snyder, 50 00
from Mrs A Gohl, Salem's Ref Ch, Rev W H Snyder, 20 00
from Mrs Catharine Diekel, Rev W H H Snyder, 5 00

from Mrs Geo B Kelker, Rev W H H Snyder, do Frederick Baldwin, St Joseph's, Missouri, 5 00
from Sam'l S Smith, Greenbrier, Northumberland Co, Pa, 5 00

from A Friend at Schwartzwald cong, Rev A S Leinbach, 2 00
from Lechsburg charge, Rev W M Landis, do Buffalo, N Y, per Rev Knies, Box clothing etc, 44 00

from First Ref Ch, Reading Rev H Mosser, do do do do 25 00
1 package, 13 00
from Ref S Sch, Middlburg, Rev A C Whitmer, 6 00

from Ref S Sch, New Holland, Rev D W Gerhard, 8 72
from Ref Ch and S Sch, Hanover, Dr W K Zieher, 125 00

from Ref S Sch, Quarryville, Rev D B Shuey, do do Ch New Providence, do do 12 00
do Rev D B Shuey, private, 3 15
do Ref S Ch Catawissa, Rev Geo B Dechant, 10 00

from S Sch Sec Ref Ch, Harrisburg, Mrs H A Blundin, 5 50
from Trinity Ref cong, Pottsville, Rev J P Stein, 7 00
from Five children of Rev J P Stein, 5 00

do St John's Ref S Sch, Shamokin, Rev T J Hacker, 5 00
D. B. ALBRIGHT, Supt.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Receipts during November.

None.

Receipts during December.

Chambersburg charge, per Wm H Sellers, Treasurer, \$30 00
Legacy of Jacob Stoudenour of Friend's Cove, Bedford Co, Pa, per Henry C Diehl, executor, 200 00

Mont Alto charge, per Rev T M Motter, pastor, interest on the A Rinker bequest per Rev C G Fisher, Treasurer, Virginia Classis, 100 00

Amount \$340 00

* The Stoudenour legacy has been funded as ordered by the will of the testator.
Mercersburg, Pa., } Wm. M. DEATRICK,
January 1st, 1880. } Treas., Board of Education.

ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

Rec'd per Rev S R Fisher, from S Sch of Martinsburg, Pa, Rev J D Miller, pastor, collection at Christmas festival, \$5 70
Wm. D. GROSS, Treas.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Rec'd per Rev H Mosser, Treas, of Lebanon Classis, contributed by Tulpehocken chd, Rev Dr G H Leinbach, pastor, and paid over to a special student, \$292 00
SAM'L R. FISHER, Treas.

LETTER LIST.

Altfather, H D, Allen, J C, Addams, Rev G E, Antr up, D L.

Bear, S, Binkley, H K (5), Boush, C M Esq, Buckley, H A, Baltzer, J P, Busche, Rev J F, Bachman, Rev M, Breidenbaugh, Rev S K, Bowling, Rev R M, Brown, Rev S W, Balmer, Rev F F, Besser, S A, Burley, F F, Burke, W H Badger, J.

Clement, T M, Crane, W H, Christman, T, Court, Rev C, (2), Coover, M C, Carnahan, Rev B K, Dchant, Rev G B, (2), Diehl, E H Dieffenbacher, Rev D S, Dehoff, J, Dieffenbacher, Rev M H, Derr, Rev L K.

Enck, G, Erb, E A.
Fox, Rev F, Fouse, J S, Firor, Rev M L, Fogley, L G, Fiches, J, Fisher, Rev O G, Freeman, Rev J C, Fisher, J B, Fikes, J V, Forwald, M, Fackler, J E.

Gerhard, Rev D W, Gash, A J, Geyer, W M, Gepford, Miss M C, Gatlus, S J.
Humphreys, D, Hoffman, Rev H W, Hottelstein, A S Esq, Hoffman, D, Hoy, W F, Heilmann, Rev C U, Hawley, J G, Heyser, W, Harper, T, Huber, M A, Haas, Rev W A, Hilschman, Rev H W.

Johnson, Rev J O, (4), Johnston, Rev T

Youth's Department.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
No check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dew must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
All over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes:
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing will not be in vain;
And a blessing falling us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

—Selected.

MRS. NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN.

Mrs. New Year and I were going to have a party. At first, we meant it to be a general reunion of the Time family, but the Months were all grown up and had gone away from home. They seemed to belong to the whole world quite as much as to us; and then they do put on such elder-brotherly and elder-sisterly airs that we were afraid the children would not have a good time. We were especially anxious that they should enjoy themselves, and so our grand reunion resolved itself into a children's party. We did think of inviting the Weeks, but we knew that Carnival Week was the only one of them all that would be satisfied with the simple amusements that delighted the children, and so we decided to ask only the little Days.

"The dear little things," said Mrs. New Year, "what a good time they will have! You can hardly guess how queer it seemed to me at first when my sister, Mrs. Old Year, went West, and left me such a houseful of children. I felt quite overwhelmed, but—it is very strange—but they had not been with me long before I began to wonder whether I had ever really lived before they came; though sometimes it makes me feel very old and responsible, almost as if I must have lived a long while ago and gone West, and then come back again, for everything seems so strangely familiar, even when I know I have never seen it before. I suppose all people have such feelings sometimes."

"Yes, but I think you have better reason for them than almost any one else," said I.

"It does no harm," said Mrs. New Year, "and it pleases the children when I tell them stories about what I remember or imagine that I remember."

We had to think very hard to find a place where the Days had never been; but at last we remembered Hircensdvo, which they had all been told that they might visit some time. It is the most wonderful place in the world. It is an island, but the water around it is not the kind in which children are drowned, but that which is good for sailing boats. The trees are loaded with the nicest fruit, all the kinds that we like best and a great many others that never grow anywhere else. There are ponies to ride, and wherever they stop a flight of steps springs up out of the ground, so it is easy to climb upon their backs. Some of these children liked to go fishing, and for them there were long, light fishing rods covered with beautiful pictures that they could look at when the fish were unwilling to be caught. This did not often happen, for their lines had no hooks but only little silver open-work baskets full of sea-mosses and coral, and when the fish saw them they would scramble in as fast as they could and be drawn up to the surface of the water, not quite out, for they do not like

the air, and there they would lie in the bright-colored mosses and tell the children stories about things away down in the Underworld. There were swings that swung themselves, and if you shut your eyes it would seem as if the sweetest music were floating about in the tree-tops all around. If you would keep your eyes open, you would see such lovely little fairies standing on the branches; and they would toss to you great handfuls of the nicest candy you ever ate. There was everything that any one could think of to make children have a good time, for it was the pleasantest place in all the world for a children's party.

Mrs. New Year and I went there early, and in a little while the children began to come. It was almost like a masquerade, for the children had been told that they might dress as they liked, and some of them liked to wear very funny things.

Mrs. New Year had one little girl of her own, whom the others called New Year's Day. She came with her mother very early, for she was such a sleepy little puss that Mrs. New Year did not like to have her up late. The dear little thing had come in a dainty dress of pure white, but when she saw that the others were wearing all sorts of strange and unusual things she managed to fasten on some kind of a trail loaded with heavy ornaments which few older people know how to manage very well. They were sadly in her way, for she was not strong enough to carry them alone, and she was too proud to ask any one to help her, and more than once she tripped and fell. At last I saw her lying under a tree fast asleep. As I came up she awoke and began to cry to find herself in a strange place, but before I could get to her, Christmas, one of the oldest of the children, was at hand, as she almost always is when little New Year's Day needs her help, and in two minutes the poor little woman was kissed and comforted so that she ran away happier than ever.

Valentine was one of the merriest of the children. What capers he did cut! He tossed candy hearts and funny pictures around among them all, and then he would sing comical verses and make them laugh. But I was very glad to see that he was never rude in all his fun. I could not say as much for April First, for he was continually doing or saying something that would hurt somebody's feelings, and what was worse, he did not always seem to care even when he knew how bad they felt.

June Seventeenth was there in a plain gray suit. He stood up very straight and wore eye-glasses. April First shouted just behind him, "See that old monument!" June Seventeenth drew himself up, and, turning, said, "That remark shows that you are utterly wanting in culture." He said nothing more, but he was very angry, and I do not know what would have happened if Valentine had not chanced to see what the matter was, and made so many jokes and sung so many funny songs about them that they merely looked angrily at each other and separated. June Seventeenth walked away with his head higher than ever, while April First went into a dark corner, muttering, "He does look like an old graystone monument, anyhow!" And so June Seventeenth was indignant and April First was sulky.

But little Mayday, who had watched the quarrel, but had been far too timid to interfere, at last clasped her hands tightly together and ran over to tell her friend Tuesday, who has a great talent for making things smooth, from the wrinkles in people's dresses to those in their tempers. Then the two little girls went to the boys, and although I could not hear what they were saying, I saw in a few minutes that June Seventeenth held out his hand to April First, and as I came nearer I heard him say, "I had no business to be so high and mighty, as if I were better than everybody else;" and April First said bluntly, "I made a fool of myself that time. You are a great deal better than I, if you are a little stuck up sometimes."

When I saw them again they were fishing together and seemed to be very

good friends. As usual, April First would not be content without playing some of his tricks, and he was calling to the fishes, "Come up! come up! here is a fine gold basket for you." The fishes came, but they were so angry at April First for saying that his basket was gold when it was not, that they would not tell him any stories about the Underworld, but only made ugly faces at him. Then June Seventeenth, instead of walking away in disgust, let April First hear the stories that his fish were telling, and it was not long before I heard April First say that he was sorry that he had plagued the fishes, and that he did not mean to be so bad as to say what was not true; he did not think but that they would know he was not in earnest.

I noticed that Christmas, who was a great favorite with them all, seemed to enjoy being with February Twenty-ninth, and spent nearly all her time with her. I wondered why, for none of the others seemed fond of her. She was not at all pretty, and even looked rather cross; she wore a very homely dress, and acted awkwardly and queerly, as if she felt herself out of place. When I had a good opportunity I asked Christmas if she were very fond of February Twenty-ninth.

"Why, no," said she, her face flushing, "but she doesn't seem to know the rest very well. She lives with grandpa Century, and somehow she doesn't get out very often. She has to tie up the bundles of time to send to people, and they are always complaining that they haven't time enough, so she is kept pretty busy. I do so hope she will enjoy herself to-day."

I kissed the dear child, and she looked up with the most loving smile I ever saw.

When I saw her next she was helping Monday, who was feeling very cross. It was her own fault, poor child. She said she was always so busy at home that she had never time to put on her nice dresses; and so she had piled them on, one above another. She could hardly move, and of course they dragged and were stepped on and torn. Christmas and Mayday last persuaded her to take off her finery, and when she appeared in her usual dress of pale blue, with white foam-like trimmings, and had smoothed the wrinkles out of her face, she looked very pretty.

Evidently March Fourth thought so, for they walked away together, and he looked as happy as if he had just been chosen President.

Christmas and Sunday were sitting together under a tree. They are twins, and have always been very fond of each other. As I stepped up behind them I heard Sunday say,

"Dear Christmas, what should I do without you!"

"And I could not live without you, Sunday; I dreamed once that they took me to France without you, and I was so unhappy that they had to let you come too."

There was one funny little round-faced fellow called Saturday. He had always lived in New England, and had cried when he heard of this party, because he wanted to go so much, and yet he could not make up his mind to come when he learned that there would be no baked beans on the table. He felt so bad that Mrs. New Year told him he might bring some with him if he would not insist upon other people's eating them. He was so happy and good-natured that I am sure she did not regret indulging him.

I was sorry for the Schooldays. They did not seem to enjoy themselves very well, and almost all the children tried to avoid them as much as possible. For a long time I did not see why, for they looked very pleasant to me. They had sweet faces, and their dresses were covered with the most beautiful pictures. But when I stooped to help one of the children in some little difficulty, I found that, seen from their level, these pictures were nothing but ugly angles and straight zigzag marks. It was only when I stood up straight and looked at them from above that they seemed so beautiful.

I noticed one little boy in a queer

suit of gray and blue clothes. "That is Decoration Day," said Mrs. New Year. "There was a sad mistake made in his training. He was allowed to read history when he was far too young to understand it, and it seems to have affected his mind. It is a very mild form of mania, however; he insists upon always carrying a basket of flowers with him, so he can scatter them wherever he goes."

"He wears that odd dress because the physician recommended it; and I really think it has done him good. I hope in a little time he will be entirely cured."

Perhaps the queerest pair of friends that I saw was February Twenty-second, a grave, dignified youth who wore his hair in a comical little queue, and July Fourth, the most rollicking youngster in the world. It seemed impossible for him to keep quiet for one minute. His pockets were full of tin horns, popguns, pinwheels, torpedoes, and firecrackers, but still the children did not seem at all afraid of him. I wondered why this madeap and February Twenty-second were so fond of each other, and I asked them how it came about.

"O, just in the course of human events," said the merry July Fourth, with a twinkle in his eye.

Before I had time to say any more, the children had begun to form for a final dance before the party should break up. The music began and they sang as they danced, at first very softly and slowly:

Slowly move the Days along,
Slowly sing the parting song,
The old year dieth slowly.

"What a nice time they have had," I turned to say to Mrs. New Year, but she was not close beside me as I had thought, and I imagined for a moment that I saw her moving away in the direction of the sunset. I suppose the blaze of light must have dazzled my eyes, for pretty soon I saw her coming from the opposite direction, while the music quickened and the children sang:

Merrily comes the glad New Year,
Look to the East! her steps are near,
With a kiss and a greeting and smile of good cheer,
Merrily comes the glad New Year.

—Christian Union.

ONE LITTLE ACT.

I saw a man, with tottering steps,
Come down a graveled walk one day;
The honored frost of many years
Upon his scattered thin locks lay.
With trembling hand he strove to raise
The latch that held the little gate,
When rosy lips looked up and smiled,—
A silvery child-voice said, "Please wait."

A little girl ope'd wide the gate,
And held it till he passed quite through,
Then closed it, raising to his face
Her modest eyes of winsome blue.
"May Heaven bless you, little one,"
The old man said with tear-wet eyes;
"Such deeds of kindness to the old
Will be rewarded in the skies."

'Twas such a little thing to do—
A moment's time it took—no more;
And then the dancing, graceful feet
Had vanished through the school-room door.
And yet I'm sure the angels smiled,
And penned it down in words of gold;
'Tis such a blessed thing to see
The young so thoughtful for the old.

A BOY'S LAST HYMN IN A GARRET.

A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there he climbed the ladder, drew himself up through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"
"Hush! don't tell anybody, please, sir."
"What are you doing here?"
"Hush! please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a-hiding."
"What are you hiding from?"
"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."
"Where's your mother?"
"Please, sir, mother's dead."
"Where's your father?"
"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him! but look here!" He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his

jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here; you'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee."

"Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not,
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir; good-by." The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings, and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead.
—London Christian.

Pleasantries.

A woman in Johnstown, Pa., wanted to send a tin wash boiler by mail.

No amount of training will teach a dog to sit in front of a baker shop while his master is in a saloon.

Tom Thumb is going to Texas to live, and the Chicago Times thinks that some day we shall hear of Tom being waylaid and abducted by a Texas grasshopper.

And always thus since I have roamed
O'er earth, my heartaches have enlarged;
If e'er a waiter girl I loved,
She was the first to be discharged.
—Boarder, in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Mamma," said a five-year-old, the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."—San Francisco Post.

Did you ever notice that if you go into an office where the man is on the street talking politics all the time he isn't in bed, you will always see a framed chromo motto hanging up over the desk, "Time is Money?"

Fashionable cooking clubs consist of a heap of young ladies who want a square meal, and one old woman who knows how to cook it. The only good result is that the old woman gets paid for her work.—Detroit Free Press.

When you see a young man in gorgeous apparel walking about the street with his arms hanging in curves from his body like the wings of an overheated turkey on a summer's day, it isn't because he is in pain. It is because he has been "abroad."

"Maria," observed Mr. Holcomb as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now; I'm too busy." "Well, give me the patch, then, an' I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."

25 Bond St., New York.

General News.

DOMESTIC.

The hatters of Reading are on a strike.

The strawberry plants are in bloom around Richmond, Virginia.

The legal rate of interest has been reduced from 7 to 6 per cent. in New York.

The public debt statement for December shows a reduction of \$4,251,217.

The Socialists held a convention in Pittsburgh on the 8th inst. It was discordant, of course.

All the indictments in the Legislative bribery cases at Harrisburg have been quashed. No new evidence was offered by the prosecution.

The internal revenue receipts for the six months ending December 31, 1879, were \$2,904,386 more than during the corresponding period of 1878.

Bishop Gilbert Haven, of the Methodist Church, died in Malden, Mass., on the 2d inst. He was noted not simply as a divine, but as a politician, whose most notorious act was the first proposal of General Grant for a "third term." He was at one time editor of *Zion's Herald*, a Methodist paper published in Boston.

A bill was filed in the U. S. Circuit Court at Baltimore, yesterday, asking the appointment of a receiver for the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, and an injunction against the present management of the canal. The first Monday in February was set by Judge Bond for the hearing. The State of Maryland has the largest interest in the canal—over \$20,000,000.

In reply to a resolution of the House of Representatives, the Postmaster-General is preparing a statement of the extent to which lottery companies use the mails. It will be accompanied by a list of about 150 fraudulent "enterprises" of various kinds which, during the past year, have been denied the privilege of the registry and money-order system. Many of them have been wholly excluded from the mails, "all the names advertised in connection with them being fictitious."

The difficulties in Maine, growing out of the electoral count, have given rise to much excitement during the week. The Supreme Court met in Bangor on the 2d inst., to consider the questions proposed by Governor Garcelon. Its decisions were, in the main, against the action of the Governor, who made some informality a ground for throwing out some returns and admitting others. The removal of arms from Bangor to Augusta, the seat of government, was resisted by the citizens of the former place at first, but they were afterwards taken away.

Harrisburg, Dec. 31.—Auditor-General Schell having requested of Attorney-General Palmer an opinion as to the proper method of assessing stock of non-dividend-paying corporations, the latter has replied as follows:

Harrisburg, Dec. 31, 1879.—Hon. William P. Schell, Auditor-General.—Dear Sir:—Referring to your letter of inquiry this date relative to the proper method of assessing the stock of non-dividend-paying corporations under the act of 1879, I am of opinion,

First, That the stock of non-dividend-paying corporations should be assessed at its cash value between the 1st and 15th of November of the current year. I find no authority for basing the assessment on the average value during the year.

Second, In case such stock is appraised at less than its cash value between the 1st and 15th of November, the Auditor-General should settle an account based on the cash value between said dates.

HENRY W. PALMER, Attorney-General.

FOREIGN.

Peace prevails throughout Mexico, the disturbances in Chihuahua and Sinaloa having been suppressed.

The St. Petersburg *Invalide Russe*, reports that a number of prominent Afghans, who fought General Roberts near Cabul, have fled to Russia for protection, bringing valuable treasures with them.

Wiesbaden, Jan. 2.—The rivers Rhine and Main are swollen in consequence of ice blocking their currents. The towns of Ruesselsheim, Kotheim, Floersheim and Rudesheim are inundated. There is a great alarm in the neighboring districts.

The distress in Ireland continues, and meetings for the relief of the sufferers are called in many places. The Bank of England has voted £500 towards the fund instituted by the Lord Mayor of London for the relief of the distress in Ireland, which fund now amounts to £2000. £1500 have been subscribed in Dublin.

Advices from Madrid tell us that a man named Gonzales has attempted to assassinate King Alfonso. The culprit who had been lying in wait about the door of the Royal Palace, fired from a corner of the sentry-box. He did not make much resistance on being arrested, and the guards had to protect him from the violence of the crowd.

London, December 31.—A dispatch from Hendaye, France, to Reuter's Telegram Company says: Madrid letters describe the political situation in Spain very critical. An alliance is being negotiated between General Martinez Campos and Senor Sagasta for the purpose of strengthening the Constitutionalists, notwithstanding the urgent representations of the Navarres Senators and Members of the Chamber of Deputies. The Government refuses to re-establish the Fueros.

London, December 31.—A dispatch to the Times from Geneva says: It is reported from St. Gall that one of the consequences of the industrial crisis has been the complete revolution in the embroidery trade of Eastern Switzerland. American merchants, who are the principal purchasers of Swiss embroidered goods, instead of ordering them from the manufacturers through native agents, as they used to do, have established their own houses at St. Gall and are buying materials in the cheapest markets. They give orders direct to operatives, who work at their own homes, thus dispensing with the help of manufacturers and agents.

London, December 31.—The London correspondent of the Edinburgh *Scotsman* says he learns on good authority that the attention of the English Government has lately been directed to the projects of disarmament said to have been put forward by Prince Bismarck; that despite the recent qualifying statements,

Prince Bismarck has projected a scheme for gradual disarmament, but Austria is the only Continental power which has yet given absolute adhesion to the scheme. In diplomatic circles, the correspondent says, it is expected that Prince Bismarck will make a declaration on the subject soon, but there does not seem to be much confidence felt in the integrity of his motives.

Received collections and subscriptions in support of Missions on the Pacific Coast.	
Rev. E. K. Keller's charge, collection,	\$49 50
do L. K. Evans, " subscription,	25 00
do S. M. K. Huber's charge, subscription,	6 50
do do do cash,	43 50
do L. D. Leberman's do collection,	8 84
do Dr. C. Z. Weiser's do subscription,	75 00
do H. Mosser's do do do	25 00
do Dr. B. Bausman, cash,	5 00
do L. K. Derr's charge, collection,	40 17
do John Schweitzer's charge, collection,	42 39
do J. N. Bachman's do subscription,	15 00
do C. J. Becker's do collection,	49 73
Kreidersville do do	11 39
Rev. W. R. Hafford's White Hall Missionary Society, cash,	25 00
same church, collection,	2 25
Rev. A. Bartholomew's charge, collection,	7 75
do Jas. E. Freeman's do do	5 00
do N. S. Strassburger's do do	12 50
	\$469 52
	F. Fox.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 3, 1880.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]	
FLOUR, Wheat, Superfine,	\$4.75 @ 5.25
" Extra Family,	6.00 @ 7.00
" Fancy,	7.12 @ 8.50
Rye,	5.50 @ 5.62 1/2
Corn meal,	2.60 @ 2.75
Buckwheat meal,	2.35 @ 2.40
GRAIN, Wheat, White,	1.54 @ 1.55
" Red,	1.52 @ 1.54
Rye,	97 @ 98
Corn, Yellow,	62 @ 62 1/2
" White,	56 @ 59
Oats,	48 @ 49
Barley two rowed,	72 @ 83
Barley Malt, two rowed,	80 @ 90
GRAIN, Sugar, Cuba,	7 1/2 @ 8 1/2
" Refined cut loaf,	10 1/2 @ 10 3/4
" " crushed,	10 1/2 @ 10 3/4
" " powdered,	10 1/2 @ 10 3/4
" " granulated,	9 1/2 @ 9 3/4
Coffee, Rio,	16 1/2 @ 17 1/2
" Maracaibo,	14 @ 20
" Laguayra,	14 @ 17
" Java,	24 1/2 @ 25 1/2
PROVISIONS, Mess Pork,	13.50 @ 14.00
Dried Beef,	12 @ 13
Sugar cured Hams,	10 @ 11
Lard,	7 1/2 @ 8
Butter, Roll extra,	22 @ 23
Butter, Roll Common,	19 @ 21
" Prints, extra,	32 @ 35
" Common,	26 @ 29
Eggs,	23 @ 24
SEEDS, Clover, per 100 lbs.,	7.00 @ 8.25
Timothy per bushel,	2.25 @ 2.50
Flax "	1.52 @ 1.55
PLASTER, White,	5.00 @ 3.25
Blue,	2.50 @ 3.05

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